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GREENSBORO, N. C. for the Week Ending JUNE 18, 1859.

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Our Historical Gallery.

Sketches of the Presidents.

SEVENTH—ANDREW JACKSON.

THE HERO OF NEW ORLEANS! The incorrigible, the impracticable, the indomitable, the incorruptible! Headstrong, but always honest; rash, but ever patriotic; he may have erred to his country's detriment at times, but treason had no place in his breast, and his country's good was his highest aim next to duty to his God. Fear he knew not, either on the battle-field, or before that terrible power, PUBLIC OPINION. His purpose once taken, no threats of his enemies, no persuasion of his friends, and no personal consideration could shake it. Ever ready to assume the responsibility of his actions, he shrunk from no judgment and dreaded no consequences.

Such a man's life must needs be one of stirring incidents, and such a man's fame must shed resplendent rays over the page of his history, or darken with clouds of Erebus the fair escutcheon of his glory. Accordingly no man has been so deified and damned as the subject of this article, as friends or foes have spoken. But impartial history will, we think, sustain us in the character we have given him in this brief sketch.

Andrew Jackson was born in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, in the year 1767. His father was an Irish emigrant. At fourteen years of age he commenced his military career, during the revolutionary war, and at that tender age was taken prisoner together with an elder brother. The child was father to the man. When ordered by a British officer to the performance of some menial duty, he refused compliance, and was severely wounded with the sword which the Englishman disgraced.

In the early part of the late war with England, Congress having voted to accept fifty thousand volunteers, General Jackson appealed to the militia of Tennessee, when twenty-five hundred enrolled their names, and presented themselves to Congress, with Jackson at their head. They were accepted, and ordered to Natchez, to watch the operations of the British in lower Mississippi. Not long after, he received orders from headquarters, to disband his men and send them to their homes. To obey, he foresaw, would be an act of great injustice to his command, and reflect disgrace on the country, and he resolved to disobey. He accordingly broke up his camp and returned to Nashville, bringing all his sick with him, whose wants on the way he relieved with his private means, and there disbanded his troops in the midst of their homes.

He was soon called to the field once more, and his commission marked out his course of duty on the field of Indian warfare. Here for years he labored, and fought and diplomatized, with the most consummate wisdom and undaunted courage. It was about this time that the treaty of the "Hickory Ground" occurred, which gave the familiar sobriquet to the general of "Old Hickory." Finding themselves hemmed in on every side, the Indians determined to sue for peace. One of the principal chiefs voluntarily presented himself at Jackson's headquarters, and with the dignity of a fallen king, which would have shed glory on any civilized hero, supplicated pardon. Jackson was struck with the noble bearing of the prostrate chief, and determining not to be outdone by a savage, suffered him to depart in peace, leaving it optional with him to join his tribe and assume a hostile attitude, or to retire from the scene of war; assuring

him that if again he should fall into his hands his life should be the forfeit.

Leaving unnoticed, from the scantiness of our limits, a number of military achievements during the brilliant campaign of 1814, we have only space to give a brief sketch of the great battle of New Orleans, the crowning glory of his whole military career.

General Jackson's hard service in the Creek war of 1813—had given him not only experience, but increased confidence in his own remarkable abilities. His decision of character was nobly evinced in his summary treatment of the Spanish authorities in Florida, as well as in the strong measures which he took for the prevention of treason, and for the defense of New Orleans.

His whole force was about six thousand men, chiefly raw militia. Several slight skirmishes occurred before the enemy arrived before the city: during this time, Gen. Jackson was employed in making preparations for his defence. His front was a straight line of about one thousand yards, defended by upward of three thousand infantry and artillerymen. The ditch contained five feet of water, and his front, from having been flooded by opening the levees, and by frequent rains, was rendered slippery and muddy. Eight distinct batteries were judiciously disposed, mounting in all twelve guns of different calibres. On the opposite side of the river was a strong battery of fifteen guns.

At daylight, on the morning of the 8th of January, the main body of the British, under their commander-in-chief, General Pakenham, were seen advancing from their encampment to storm the American lines. On the preceding evening they had erected a battery within eight hundred yards, which now opened a brisk fire to protect their advance. They were suffered to approach in silence, and unmolested until within three hundred yards of the lines, when the whole artillery opened upon them a most deadly fire. Forty pieces of cannon, deeply charged with grape, canister, and musket balls, mowed them down by hundreds, at the same time the batteries on the west bank opened their fire, while the riflemen, in perfect security behind their works, as the British advanced, took deliberate aim, and nearly every shot took effect. Through this destructive fire, the British left column, under the immediate orders of the commander-in-chief, rushed on with their fascines and scaling ladders, to the advance bastion on the American right, and succeeded in mounting the parapet; here, after a close conflict with the bayonet, they succeeded in obtaining possession of the bastion; when the battery, planted in the rear for its protection, opened its fire, and drove the British from the ground. On the American left, the British attempted to pass the swamp, and gain the rear, but the works had been extended as far into the swamp as the ground would permit. Some who attempted it, sunk in the mire and disappeared; those behind, seeing the fate of their companions, seasonably retreated and gained the hard ground. The assault continued an hour and a quarter; during the whole time, the British were exposed to the deliberate and destructive fire of

the American artillery and musketry, which lay in perfect security behind their breastworks of cotton bales, which no balls could penetrate. At eight o'clock, the British columns drew off in confusion, and retreated behind their works. Flushed with success, the militia were eager to pursue the British troops to their entrenchments, and drive them immediately from the island. A less prudent and accomplished general might have been induced to yield to the indiscreet ardor of his troops; but General Jackson understood too well the nature of his own and his enemy's force, to hazard such an attempt. Deaf must inevitably have attended an assault made by raw militia, upon an

battle, although they suffered so signal a defeat. After their repulse on the left bank, numbers of the American troops, prompted merely by sentiments of humanity, went, of their own accord, in front of the lines to assist the wounded British, to give them drink, and to carry them within the lines. While they were thus employed, they were actually fired upon, and several killed. Yet the others, regardless of the danger, persevered in their laudable purpose. This instance of baseness may have proceeded from individuals; nor would it in common cases be presumed, that the men were ordered to fire by their officers; but if the fact be, as has been repeatedly asserted without contradiction, that the watchword of the day was the significant words, "beauty and booty," no charge would seem too atrocious for belief against the British commanders.

On the 9th, General Lambert, and Admiral Cochrane, with the surviving officers of the army, held a council of war, and determined to abandon the expedition. To withdraw the troops in the face of a victorious enemy, would have been difficult and hazardous. To withdraw in safety, every appearance of a renewal of the assault was kept up, till the night of the 18th, when the whole army moved off in one body, over a road which had previously been constructed through a miry slough, in which a number of the troops perished by sinking into the mire. On the 27th, the whole land and naval forces which remained of this disastrous expedition, found themselves on board of their ships, with their

ranks thinned, their chief and many of their companions slain, their bodies emaciated by hunger, fatigue, and sickness. The total loss of the Americans in this action, on both sides of the river, was thirteen killed, thirty-nine wounded, and nineteen missing. At the close of the war he returned to his home in Nashville; but in 1818 was again called on by his country to render his military services in the expulsion of the Seminoles. His conduct during this campaign has been bitterly condemned, and as highly applauded. An attempt in the House of Representatives to inflict a censure on the old hero for the irregularities of this campaign, after a long and bitter debate, was defeated by a large majority.

In 1828, and again in 1832, General Jackson was elected to fill the presidential chair; thus occupying that elevated position for eight successive years. It was a season of great financial embarrassment and internal division, and the measures he recommended and adopted were stringent. No man ever received more censure or praise for his administration of public affairs; and we are not yet sufficiently removed from the scene of action, calmly to judge of all his acts. This judgment must be left to posterity. He died in 1845.

Come, stand the nearest to thy country's sire,
Thou fearless man, of uncorrupted heart;
Well worthy undivided praise thou art,
And 'twill be thine, when slumbers party ire,
Raised, by the voice of freemen, to a height
Sublimed far, than kings by birth may claim:
Thy stern, unselfish spirit dared the right,
And battled 'gainst the wrong. Thy holiest aim
Was freedom, in the largest sense, despite



ANDREW JACKSON.

Misconstrued motives, and unmeasured blame.
Above deceit, in purpose firm and pure;
Just to opposers, and to friends sincere,
Thy worth shall with thy country's name endure,
And greener grow thy fame, through every year.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

To the Memory of
DENISON OLMSTED, LL. D.,
Professor of Astronomy in Yale College, Conn.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Spring pour'd fresh beauty o'er the cultured grounds,
And woke to joyance every leaf and flower,
Where erst the Man of Science lov'd to find
Refreshment from his toils.

'Twas sweet to see
How Nature met him there, and took away
All weariness of knowledge. Yet he held
Higher communion than with fragrant shrub,
Or taper tree, that o'er the forest tower'd.
His talk was with the stars, as one by one,
Night, in her queenly regency, put forth
Their sprinkled gold upon her sable robes.
He knew their places, and pronounc'd their names,
And by their heavenly conversation sought
Acquaintance with their Maker.

Sang they not
Unto his unreluctant spirit, as it pass'd
From sphere to sphere, above their highest ranks,
With its attendant angel?
We are dark.
We ask, and yet no answer.
Yet we trace

In clearest lines the shining course he took
Among life's duties, for so many years,
And hear those parting words, that "all is peace!"
The harvest-song of true philosophy.

His epitaph is that which cannot yield
A mouldering motto to the tooth of time.
—Man works in marble, and it mends his trust—
But the immortal mind doth ever keep
The earnest impress of the moulding hand,
And bear it onward to a race unborn.
—That is his monument.

*The last words of Professor Olmsted. He had sustained for many years, with high reputation, his distinguished office, and written much for education that will perpetuate his memory. In the early part of his scientific career, he was connected with the University of North Carolina, and was the first who completed a geological survey of that State.

Men who have Risen.

One of the best editors the Westminster Review could ever boast of, and one of the most brilliant writers of the day, was a cooper in Aberdeen. One of the editors of the London Daily Journal was a baker in Elgin; perhaps one of the best reporters of the London Times, was a weaver in Edinburgh; the editor of the Witness was a stone mason. One of the ablest ministers in London was a stone mason in Dundee; another was a watchmaker in Banff. The late Dr. Milne, of China, was a herd boy in Rhynie. The principal of the London Missionary Society's College, at Hong Kong, was a saddler in Huntley; and one of the best missionaries that ever went to India was a tailor in Keith. The leading machinist on the London and Birmingham Railway, with \$3500 a year, was a mechanic in Glasgow; and perhaps the very richest iron-founder in England was a working man in Moray. Sir James Clark, the queen's physician, was a druggist in Banff. Joseph Hume was a sailor first, and then a laborer at the mortar and pestle in Montrose; McGregor, the member of Parliament from Glasgow, was a poor boy in Rosshire; Wilson, the member for Westbury, was a plowman in Haddington; and Anderson, the member from Orkney, earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the Ultima Thule. These men, however, spent their leisure hours in acquiring useful knowledge. American public life is full of such examples. With resolution, economy of time, perseverance, and an upright life, no young man need despair of success.

Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Summer Pictures—Russell's Magazine—The North British and London Quarterly Reviews—Christian Graces—Simms' New Romance—Harp of a Thousand Strings.

A most timely volume during the present warlike position of affairs in Europe, is the Rev. Mr. Field's book of *Summer Pictures from Copenhagen to Venice*, just issued in handsome style, duodecimo, by Messrs. Sheldon & Co., New York—Henry M. Field is the editor of a well known Evangelical journal, and his pleasant sketches of foreign travel and descriptive letters from remote countries will be well remembered by many readers. He knows both how to observe and how to describe. Milan, Turin, Dresden, Berlin, Hamburg, and the beautiful city of the sea, are some of the places levied upon by Mr. Field's lively pen; and the volume also presents gossip sketches of Mr. Spurgeon preaching, Dickens reading his Christmas Carol, how the Dutch enjoy themselves, Protestantism in Bohemia, the battle-field of Novara, etc. That portion which treats of Austria and Italy will be read with special interest. The author has been twice over the scene of the present contest in Italy. He was at Novara in 1848 and witnessed the exciting scenes of the Rebellion, and again during the past season through the States of Lombardy and Venice, noting particularly the uneasy feelings of the Italians under the yoke of Austria. But the whole book has a charm independent of any accidental attraction, and can be commended as one of the freshest, liveliest and most entertaining books of travel ever written.

Russell's Magazine, for June, opens with an interesting series of letters on capital and labor, from the French of Bastiat, entitled *Property and Spoilation*. It should be carefully read by all monetary economists. This is followed by a ringing Ballad, from the Polish, the opening lines of which

"What, in the woods alone,
Fair girl!"

recall Coleridge's *Christabel*. Then follows an interesting little sketch, *La Traviata*; some *Summer Verses*; Epistolary Gossips of Travel; a fine review of the works of Adam Mickiewicz; a sketch of a couple of travelers among the Harz Mountains, entitled, *What Was It?* The Burial of Paul Jones, etc. Michelet's splendid work, *L'Oiseau*, is also genially reviewed, and *The Actress in High Life* is continued. All these, with an exceedingly agreeable Editor's Table, and some of the finest and best written book criticisms we have ever read, and we are led to wonder how any reader will do without "Russell."

The absorbing topics of the day are always treated fully and in a masterly manner in the four Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood, republished in New York by Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co. Thus, in the *London Quarterly* for April, we find *Foreign Affairs—the War in Italy* discussed ably and thoroughly, fairly exposing the views and position of Austria. Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* gives the material for an able review. The *Minstrelsy of Scotland* is a charming paper, the author evidently appreciating the poetry of Aytoun, Motherwell and other reigning bards of the North. The articles on Devonshire, George III. and Lord Brougham are all readable and valuable. But the most important and best worked out paper in the number is that on *Bacon's Egypt and the Chronology of the Bible*, in which the conclusions of that eminent writer are submitted to the ordeal of the strictest canons of historical criticism. The opening paper in the *North British Review* is a splendid review of Masson's *Milton and His Times*, the author pronouncing this work a production which is sure to secure wide and respectful attention and a sound reputation. A biographical sketch of Douglas Jerrold is pleasantly illustrative of modern literary life, filled out with much personal detail and anecdote. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's *Select Memoirs of Port Royal* forms the text of a popular account of the history of Port Royal and its inmates, the story of which has always excited so much sympathy and admiration. Sir Wm. Hamilton's *Lectures*, *Adelaide Proctor's Legends and Lyrics*, and the *British Press*, are all fully reviewed. The *History of Socialism*, and Lord Brougham's *Public Life*, are also ably discussed; and a lively paper on *Birds* fills out contents of this most varied and attractive number, which is worthy the attention of our readers. The price of either of the Reviews is but three dollars per annum, or the whole five, ten dollars.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co., N. York, Parry & McMillan, Phila., publish a pleasant little volume, *Christian Graces*, a series of Lectures, by Rev. Joseph P. Thompson. The lectures were written on a passage in the second general Epistle of St. Peter, and are published at the suggestion of the congregation to whom they were delivered. The graces: Virtue, Knowledge, Temperance, Patience, Godliness, Brotherly Kindness, and Charity, are treated in the order in which the Apostle named them, and in the closing lectures all are summed. They are earnest and practical discourses,

and cannot fail to do good and edify wherever circulated.

William Gilmore Simms' long expected Romance of Carolina, *The Cassique of Kiawah*, has at length appeared. It is unquestionably one of the ablest of Mr. Simms' numerous romances, and should be read by every reader of Guy Rivers, the Gemassee, etc. Says Russell's Magazine: "All of the author's characteristic powers of invention, narrative, dramatic effect, and picturesque description, are happily combined in this story, the action of which is wonderfully vivid." The *Cassique* is an English frontier settler whose friendship for the savages, though it had procured him influence and a title, could not defend him from attack. The variety of characters and races, the wildness of border life, the rover's daring, and curious historical passages and legends of the time, aid to furnish material which Mr. Simms has worked up into a story possessing all his characteristics as an author. We repeat, in many respects it is the best of his novels. Published in elegant style, duodecimo, with illustrations by Darley, by J. L. Redfield, Esq., New York.

An odd collection of *bizarre* stories has been issued in a beautiful volume, properly and elegantly illustrated, by Messrs. Dick and Fitzgerald, New York, under the familiar title of *The Harp of a Thousand Strings*. That well known extravaganza opens the volume, the remainder of which consists of a great many amusing tales and sketches by wits from Saxo down to Sut Lovengood, almost every page being illustrated by some humorous engraving, much, very much, finer than such things are usually done. We have had several hearty laughs over the book, and commend it to readers similarly disposed. The publishers will send it by mail.

Reputation.

BY PI ALPHA.

We know not, to what destinies we are born; what part in the grand drama of life, Divine Providence may have assigned us; but ever to avoid evil and shun reproach are imperative duties, devolving on all.

A good name is to be prized both for the good, like so much current coin, it will bring its possessor, and also as an honorable badge, of that true merit and intrinsic excellency, by which alone, it is to be acquired. Nor is it confined to any condition or rank of men. It serves to mark no mental or physical distinction, but is a badge of that purest nobility, the nobility of the heart, which while it may be denied to the proudest, is within the reach of the most humble. To Young Men up on their introduction to the untrod vicissitudes of life, it is a recommendation more valuable than Diplomas. Without it the future can hold out but little promise. Clouds will obscure the sun of Hope, and mists enshroud a glowing prospect.

To the old, Reputation is solace of remembrance; the crowning glory of all past experience. It gives comfort in declining years, and profits beyond the grave.

The value of a good name is appreciated by the envious; it is commensurate with their highest pretensions. Reputation is a treasure, which if possessed by the humblest peasant in a Cottage, he cannot be said to be truly poor. Opulence may scorn, but amid all its vanities, in the darkest hours of neglect, a good name is rather to be preferred than gold heaped as mountains, or silver strowed like pebbles in the valley. The vile tongue of slander may slay us as its victims, however exemplary we are, for we often hear the good derided, and see virtue become a shining mark for the invidious assaults of billingsgate; but sooner or later the shaft will recoil upon the guilty head, and the voice of vindication will eventually be heard rising like distant music, swelling above the storm of night.

Reputation is the pearl, whose price neither prosperity nor adversity can depreciate. It is the talisman of victory over all difficulties, and a sure pledge of faith which gives contentment here, and inspires a hope looking beyond the bourne of life.

MATCH MAKING.—The Utica Herald says that Mr. Gates, of Frankfort, Herkimer county, has made, during the last 18 years, about 6,455,000,000 of matches using 1,250,000 feet of lumber. He now makes 275,000 matches daily, making use of 500 feet of lumber. He uses five pounds of phosphorus daily, which is about the amount found in the bones of a single horse. He has thus used up the skeletons of about 2,800 horses—a host of "matched" teams. No wonder that a horse starts at the buzz which follows the primitive scratch.

HON. L. M. KEITT.—We learn, says the *Charleston Evening News*, that on Wednesday morning, at Society Hill, Col. Keitt was married to Miss Susan Sparks, at the residence of her father, by Rev. Mr. Laffar, of this city. The bridal couple proceeded to New York, and will sail for Europe on the 25th inst.

Some of the Battle Ground of the War.

From "Serenity of Travel," by Mad. LeVert.

It was still dark night when we left Milan, by the *Porta Ticinese*, and drove rapidly along the banks of the canal of Pavia, which leads from that city through the plains of Lombardy to the river Adda. By daylight we had reached Binasco, where we stopped to change horses; and I walked around the old castle where the beautiful Beatrice della Tenda was beheaded by her cruel husband in 1418, because the stars foretold she would become his destroyer.

Until the sun arose we kept the glass windows down, fearing the malaria from the rice plantations, which are several feet below the level of the road. They have canals running north and south, east and west, intersecting each other with the regularity of the streets of Philadelphia. The squares between the canals are planted with rice. As it was harvest time it had a rich yellow color, and hundreds and hundreds of peasants were gathering it in great baskets strapped across their shoulders; then wading up to their knees in mud and water, upon which the rice appears to grow, they threw it into large boats, rowed by old women and children. The appearance of these poor creatures was pitiable. They had exactly the complexion of the "dirt eaters" of the pine swamps of the South, and were like spectres wandering through the death-infected district. At the Sardinian frontier, where we were detained some hours, the officer told me the entire family of the post-house had died within a month. The disease prevalent is a chill, returning every third day with greater violence, until it ends in death. There is no remedy for it, except in flying from the spot. So unhealthy is the cultivation of the rice deemed, it is only permitted in certain portions of the plain.

Near Pavia, we saw the celebrated monastery of La Certosa, erected by the Giovanni Visconti, in expiation of his crimes. It is embellished with splendid works of art, and has a rich collection of pictures. It was within view of Certosa where the battle was fought in which Francis the First was taken prisoner; upon that memorable occasion, he uttered the exclamation which has become almost a household word, "All lost, but honor!"

Pavia la Dotto, (Pavia the learned) is thus styled from the university, established in 774 by Charlemagne, and even now containing one thousand students. The palace of Visconti, the friend and patron of Petrarch, is still standing; it was described by the poet in glowing terms.

We wandered about the city until our postillion changed his horses (about two or three hours) and then driving over the long bridge which spans the river Ticino, we entered a higher country and more salubrious atmosphere. In a few miles we reached the river Po, crossing it on a bridge of boats. Then the hills began, clothed to their summit with vineyards. In this region, there was no malaria (disease of the grape vines), and the rich purple hue of the great branches, half hidden by the green leaves was beautiful. For miles after miles we passed along small villages; and, save the embankments upon which the road ran, every spot of earth was covered with vines. So heavy and thick were the clusters of grapes on the hill tops, they seemed resting like a purple cloud upon the green vineyards.

We drove on through these lovely valleys until we came to the field of Marengo, where Napoleon fought the great battle on the 14th of June, 1800. The Austrian army, numbering 40,000 men, was under the command of Melas (a general 85 years old). Napoleon was surrounded by his brave suite, consisting of Lannes, Kellerman and Desaix (who was killed there); but he only had 30,000 men. At one period it was believed the battle was lost; then Napoleon riding in front of the soldiers, said to them, as he checked their retreating steps, "soldiers! you have retreated far enough, let us advance, you know it is my custom to sleep upon the battle field." A new enthusiasm appeared to animate their fainting hopes, and they rushed with such overwhelming power upon the Austrians, they compelled them to retreat even into the river Bornida, where hundreds were drowned, and by night the river was almost filled with the dead bodies of horses and men. The Duke of Genoa was to review the Sardinian soldiers next day upon the field of Marengo, and several regiments were marching to and fro, and squadrons of cavalry dashing over the plains, giving a warlike aspect to the scene. The Sardinian soldiers are strong, stalwart, noble-looking men, with most gallant bearing.

In the city of Alessandria we made the acquaintance of some of the chief officers. We found them intelligent and courteous men. They spoke with admiration of America and its onward progress, and most cordially invited us to attend the review the next day. Alessandria has no particular interest of antiquity about it, save that conferred by its construction by all the cities which formed the Lombard League, in 1164. They all seek money and men, and by aid of an astrologer, divined the most fortunate place for a town of defense against the Northern powers. It was

named for the Pope Alexander the Third, who was the protector of the Guelphs, hence the Ghibellines called it, in derision, the "City of Straw," from its rapid growth, and the chaff mixed in with the bricks with which it is built. It has, however, proved a substantial and thriving town.

After driving across the "Field of Marengo," and admiring the spirited movements of the Sardinian soldiers, we took the railway for Genoa, and in a few hours were by the shores of the

"Mediterranean—Sea of Memories."

From the North Carolina Presbyterian.
Sketches of the Assembly of 1859.
INDIANAPOLIS, May 26th 1859.

REV. W. L. MILLER:—At the request of your colleague, I will endeavor to give you some account of the General Assembly. This body is composed of about 330 delegates (the largest number ever convened) of various ages and conditions in life, and from almost all parts of the world. In the person of missionaries, Africa, China, Siam and India are represented. And all the States of our confederacy, except some of those in New England, have their delegates in this august body. And then as to its constituent elements, we have Governors, Judges, Generals, Colonels, Professors of Colleges, Doctors of Divinity, untitled farmers and plain Mechanics; rich men and poor men, young men and very old men. And yet there is a strong family likeness pervading this heterogeneous mass, collected from so many sections of the country. A casual spectator would see almost at a glance that four fifths of the Assembly are of Scotch Irish descent. There is a considerable sprinkling of German blood and a little of the Huguenot Caren, but the great majority are plainly from the North of Ireland. I suppose that the average age of the members is about forty, but as fully one half of them are bald, the stranger would on first impression take them to be older. I have never in all my life seen so many bald heads nor had I ever before supposed that baldness was a distinctive mark of Presbyterianism. But such seems to be the fact.

A brief account of the men of the Assembly may prove interesting to your readers. I will begin my description with the Moderator Rev. Wm. L. Breckenridge. He is a large limbed, bold featured man between fifty and fifty five years old. He looks like a Colonel of Dragoons evangelized. If the winning genial smile of the Christian could be suddenly transferred to the face of some old warrior, so as to smooth over the sternness and severity of expression, the result of this blending would be a fine picture of our Moderator. He is entirely ignorant of parliamentary rules, and makes some queer mistakes, but he is so honest, so frank and so gentlemanly that it is impossible not to like him. In short, he is a Kentucky Christian.

Dr. Thornwell seems by common consent to be regarded as the great thinker of the Assembly. He has spoken but once. None however, who heard his powerful defence of the revised code, will ever forget it. He is a small man of about fifty and has nothing striking or promising in his appearance.

Dr. Rufner of Virginia is beyond all question the most learned man in the Assembly. He is a large heavy man of about sixty five. The excessive use of tobacco has shattered his nerves very much. He has not opened his lips in the Assembly.

Dr. N. L. Rice is the great debater in this body, probably he is the most wonderful talking machine in the world. There are no eloquent passionate appeals either in his sermons or in his discussions; notwithstanding he has his audience at his command from the beginning to the end of his talk. His language is the simplest and purest Anglo-Saxon. In his argumentative discussions, he resembles a master of the small sword giving deadly thrusts at exposed points with the rapidity of lightning. In his sermons he resembles a black smith turning over and over his heated iron, hammering on this side and on that side until he has beaten it equally all around. I have never heard any speaker, whom it is so easy to follow even when he is dealing with the most abstruse and difficult subjects. He evidently has taken the Great Teacher, as his model and uses the same kind of simple illustrations drawn from the experience of every day life. I wish that all our ambitious young preachers could hear him and learn how vastly more effective is simplicity than bombast.

Dr. Palmer is emphatically the orator of the Assembly. He has a musical voice, a fascinating manner and the most intense earnestness. The hearer listens to him with the most absorbing interest and is fascinated by his eloquent delivery. He is a small, swarthy man of most gentlemanly and pleasing address. He is devoted to the Redeemer's cause and Kingdom and that devotion has left its impress upon the man and all he does.

At some future time, I may resume these pen and ink sketches.

A LAYMAN.

Bank of North Carolina.

It will be seen in our paper to-day, that the Commissioners have notified the stock holders in this new bank to assemble in Raleigh on Wednesday the 20th day of July.

We give as follows the amounts subscribed at various points in the State:

| | |
|---------------|-----------|
| Raleigh | \$993,800 |
| Charlotte | 239,800 |
| Wilmington | 53,800 |
| Morganton | 58,000 |
| Windsor | 11,000 |
| Hillsborough | 13,000 |
| Milton | 138,500 |
| Newbern | 28,500 |
| Winston | 1,000 |
| Mount Airy | 0,000 |
| Greensborough | 27,000 |
| Goldstrough | 21,000 |
| Warrenton | 10,000 |
| Coveord | 35,000 |
| Statesville | 70,100 |
| Fayetteville | 150,000 |

\$1,676,500

We learn that all the returns of subscriptions have not yet been received, among them Edgecombe, where more than \$190,000 have been subscribed. The whole amount of capital stock, which the act gives authority for subscribing, is \$2,500,000.—*Raleigh Standard*.

TO CLEAR A ROOM OF MOSQUITOS.—Mr. Editor: I have tried the following, and find that it "works like a charm." Take of gum camphor a piece about one-third the size of an egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel and holding it over a lamp or candle, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expell the mosquitos. One night not long since I was terribly annoyed by them, when I thought of and tried the above, after which I neither saw or heard them that night, and next morning there was not one to be found in the room, though the window had been left open all night.—*Pea Dee Times*.

DEATH OF THE BAN JELACHICH.—By a curious coincidence, the steamer which brings intelligence of the reappearance of Kossuth as a director of the public opinion of England, also conveys to us the tidings of the death of Kossuth's old enemy, the Ban Jellachich. The Ban had been long laboring under a disease of the chest which caused his death at Agram, in Croatia, about the 20th of May. He was for a time the leader of the Austrian forces against the Hungarian patriots in 1848.

CABBAGES.—To prevent the growth of long shanks, and secure true, solid heads on those stalks that manifest a disposition to grow to what are commonly known as "shanks," the Genesee Farmer says: "Take a pen knife and stab it through the stalk about the middle, insert a small piece of wood to keep the incision open, which will check the growth. By doing this a good head of cabbage may be secured on every stalk."

FOR SALE.—The Pea Dee (Cheraw) Herald is for sale. The office is well supplied with all necessary material, which is almost as good as when first purchased. This is a good change for some industrious printer to make a good investment.

NATIONAL WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Washington, June 8.

At the request of Washington National Monument Association, for the appointment of a Government Engineer as Superintendent of that structure, the Secretary of War has designated Lieut. J. C. Ives, late Superintendent of the Colorado Exploration for that purpose. He will shortly make a report.

THE FLOOD OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

Chicago, June 9.

The Minnesota papers contain further details of the flood on the upper Mississippi river. The levee at St. Paul was entirely submerged. At St. Anthony and Minneapolis the storm and flood was terribly destructive. Property to the amount of several hundred dollars was destroyed at the former place, and not less than \$130,000, worth of logs had gone over the falls during the three days previous. The river was 21 feet above low water mark, and within a foot and a half of the great flood of 1850. The storms of last week were described as the most fearful ever witnessed.

BANK DIVIDEND.—The Bank of the State of North Carolina has declared a semi-annual dividend of 4 per cent, less State tax of 25 cts. per share.

The people of Rancombe county have voted to subscribe \$125,000 to the capital stock of the Greenville and French Broad Railroad.

A PLANT.—In marriage, prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body; then you have a friend and a companion.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 10, '59.

Democratic municipal victory—Return of Mr. Buchanan—Changes in the "States" newspaper—Change in Postmaster at Fayetteville N. C.—Purchase of Mt. Vernon—Washington Monument.

The City Election on Monday last was the quietest ever known in this city. The result was the success of the Democrats and Anti-K. N's. In every ward in the city. The opposition have now not a single representative in either branch of our city councils; last year they carried three out of the seven wards. The friends of the Mayor look upon the result as a signal triumph and great were the bonfires and rejoicings on Monday night as the returns came in from the several precincts.

The President has returned from his flying visit to Chapel Hill in fine health and seemingly much pleased with the marks of popular respect paid to him along the route. He was present at the Promenade Concert of the Marine Band in the President's gardens—last Wednesday evening.

Mr. Roger A. Pryor, the well known Editor, has just retired from the "States" newspaper. It is understood that about the first of September the "States" will be issued in the morning under the name of "The States and Union," and it is said that the best Editorial talent in the country will be secured for its columns. This will be principally a political sheet, while the Evening "States" will still be issued as heretofore. If these contemplated steps are taken the "States and Union" will be a Democratic Journal, and the organ of those who do not coincide with the views of the administration. The "Constitution," the new Buchanan organ will then probably be handled without gloves.

Among the late appointments by the President I notice that of James G. Cook to be postmaster at Fayetteville in your State, vice J. E. Bryan resigned.

Another installment of ten thousand dollars was paid last week towards the purchase of Mt. Vernon. But \$30,000 of the original \$200,000 now remains unpaid.

The new Board of Managers of the Washington Monument having solicited the Secretary of War to appoint one of the Corps of U. S. Army Engineers to superintend the construction of the Monument, Secretary Floyd responded in a patriotic note assigning the duty to First Lieut. J. C. Ives, of the Topographical Engineers. A better selection for the important post could not have been made.

Work has been recommenced upon the Monument.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. June 13th, '59.

Speech making, a national characteristic—Boys in general and bad ones in particular—A new tour in prospect, without a name—The Bank of N. C.

Dear Times:—To use a phrase common among almanac makers, "about this time we may look for speech making," at this season of commencements and examinations, the mania breaks out stronger than ever, and many an unfledged orator is paraded forth "to strut his brief hour on the stage," and show an admiring crowd, a perfect exemplification of a Tully in miniature. Many of the audience, overcome by the weight of his eloquence, and wonder-stricken by the facility with which he strikes down and overcomes his adversaries of straw, predict for the youthful orator, a name and influence, second only to that of Clay, Webster or Calhoun, and are much astonished that the community in general does not coincide in their opinion. Now, grave editors lay aside their ponderous battle-axes to wander in the shady walks of literature, among a thousand sweets; young lawyers tear themselves from their numerous clients and important business, to some new built academy amid verdant groves to spread the tempting stores of their learning before the wistful throng, and hold up to them examples, they may hope to follow. Even grave divines leave the sacred desk and condescend for a moderate recompense to go forth on an errand of mercy, blended with pleasing instruction. About the 4th July whole communities run mad with speech making and if the American people were not the most patient under such inflictions, that the world ever knew, the nation would certainly be speckled to death. What a cackling and crowing, what a flapping of wings the callow brood of nestlings, yeelp "Fourth of July Orators," do keep up; that noble bird, "The American Eagle," is so much apostrophized and poetized there is great wonder he does not close his heavenward flight and sit moping in dreary silence for the remainder of his mortal existence. We have been specially favored of late, not to say overwhelmed by the number and variety of speeches; not mention the President's and Mr. Thompson's, both very good by the way, and all those incidentally connected therewith, we have had those of

the graduates at Chapel Hill and Wake Forest. Mr. Miller's address there and a lecture here from D. Barrows of Richmond, delivered at the new Baptist Church, the other night, "on the necessity of christianity to the well being of a State."

Our city some years ago possessed a most unenviable notoriety in regard to bad boys, and it was currently reported that no schoolmaster yet had ever been able to conquer them. Lately, this state of things in a measure, at least, has passed away, and since the advent of the renowned disciplinarian of the Academy, the exploits of "the big boys" of other days are looked upon as a mythical extravagance. Generally speaking, we do have quiet streets, but at present during the vacation of all the schools, including "Mr. Swain's big one at Chapel Hill," noise reigns triumphant. "Boys will be boys," it is true, but the misfortune is, that the boys that were boys, as they should be, are a forgotten tradition, like "the school-boy's tale;" while those who, to judge from their age and size, should belong to the order ape the vices, without the dignity, of men; and most often those who have outgrown rounabouts and dickeries run riot in dissipation and extravagance. Our Mayor manages these cases summarily; several young gentlemen have recently ended their vagaries rather abruptly in the guard-house, and one who was quite refractory was speedily quieted by the sight of a "mittimus," committing him to the tender care of the gentleman who takes boarders at a cheap rate, in a large brick building, with grated windows, in the rear of the court-house. Our Chief Magistrate is entitled to great credit for his energy and zeal, and it is to be hoped he will give his new method a fair trial.

The "Company's Shops" on the N. C. R. R. has grown to be a favorite place of resort. We learn that at present there are a large number of strangers stopping there for rest and amusement. How much of the attraction is due to M's Nancy's fine hotel and far-famed cookery we will not attempt to determine. It is certain, though, that for natural advantages, few places can surpass it; the shops are said to be the largest and most complete in the South, and the surroundings are very beautiful. It is stated that a large company of your citizens intend going down there to celebrate the Fourth. We propose that advantage be taken of the occasion to christen the village. For pity's sake, Messrs. Editors, take the matter in charge and name the bantling. Give it an Indian or classic name, not Athens or Pompeii, but something significant: *Ergazania*, for instance, from the Greek verb, *to work*, this would correspond with the names of the engines.

The Bank of the State has declared a Dividend of 4 1/2 per cent; 1/2 of which is to pay the State Tax; the annual meeting of the Stockholders will be held July 5th; the first Monday being the 4th. The stockholders of the New Bank are called to meet July 20th; it is thought probable that the present institution will accommodate its stockholders, by enabling them pay an installment on the new stock, on a pledge of the old, and a large amount of Gold has been secured for that purpose and other contingencies.

Yours, &c., P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, June 9th., 1859.

The War—Smith O'Brien—The Dead in New York—Summer Travel—American Stair Builder—Academy of Music—Pielomini—Fool and his money parted—The Races.

The two last seasons brought tidings of the first battle, between the French and Austrian troops, which resulted in the defeat of the latter, and the loss of about 2000 men; the French lost over 650 men, among them several officers. The battle was fought on the 24th of May, and lasted for four hours, when the Austrians retreated with about 14000 men. The battle was well sustained on both sides. The Austrians admit a retreat, not a defeat. The consequences of the War upon this country for four months at least will not be favorable, as the immense amount of specie sent by every steamer, shows that such a drain cannot last long without greatly curtailing credit and discounts, and thus crippling business men. All foreign debts are being collected, claims sold, American stocks sent over and put in market, and this must continue until our crops mature, if the war continues, we will begin to realize a benefit, not before.

A very handsome demonstration was made at the departure of Smith O'Brien, by the military and civic societies of the city. He is a rather venerable and dignified man in appearance, but committed an error in his short visit, unnecessarily connecting or identifying himself with a party.

"Potter's Field," or the place of burial of poor people in New York for nearly a century, has been for several weeks a scene of horror, by the disintering of thousands after thousands of human forms, knocking open the coffins, piling up the boards, and the bodies or remains put into other boxes, about eighteen in each, and removed; many, it is said, were

dumped into the river. Twenty-seven thousand coffins are now piled up, having been emptied. There is another whole block which will have to undergo the same process, to gratify human avarice which here knows no bounds.

Some Southerners are making their appearance in our midst on pleasure and business. Weather still very cold.

"The American Stair Builder," is the title of a new and most elaborate work on the above subject, and one of great value to builders throughout the country, treating and explaining by diagrams and figures, everything desirable in the department, with many new improvements, never before published. It is by a thorough and practical mechanic, who has served a lifetime at his business, W. P. Esterbrook, Esq. New York.

The Academy of Music religious services are closed for the present, but not for want of immense congregations, which continued to the last service.

"Pielomini" left the Everett House in want of her board! A young man with more of his father's money than brains of his own, recently gave this lady a buggy and two horses, worth about \$4000, for the pleasure he had in taking her out riding with him. She with some shrewdness, intimated a desire for them, and very soon "a fool and his money parted." This lady however, is an admirable performer and artist, simple, earnest, and truthful to the originals she so effectually represents. Her tour to America has been a successful one.

"Tar River" won the great match on Union Course on Tuesday, for \$5000. To-day "Tar River" and "Handicap," a Va. and S. C. contest, for a \$1000 prize, comes off on a three mile heat; weather and turf unusually fine; attendance very large. Respectfully yours, E.

From the Fayetteville Observer.

Good Sense and Sound Morality.

We are glad to find such sentiments as the following in the New Orleans Picayune, on the subject of the movements at the South in retaliation for the disregard of the fugitive law at the North:—

"We hold that in morals and duty the deliberate abandonment of our own duty is not excusable because others have willfully neglected theirs; that we may not defiantly annul one law that we do not like, because men, whose principles for so doing we have denounced as treasonable, have wickedly trampled upon another which they dislike. And on grounds of policy we urge, that for a minority to set the law of order, protection, and safety is in the supremacy of constitutions and laws. When we discard that for a contention with the majority, which shall most thoroughly succeed in setting at naught the laws it dislikes, and baffling the efforts of the regularly constituted authorities to enforce them or to apply the penalties for disobedience, we enter into a conflict in which we must inevitably get the worst. In a contest of mere numbers, which we accept, we are the weaker, and will be outvoted and overwhelmed. The subjects in controversy are vital to us; essential parts of the system by which we live, and without which we perish; with our adversaries they are fanciful ideas, which do not touch the social or individual well being. We play fortune and life against worthless counters with which our adversaries make the game in which they risk nothing, and therefore we have urged that it is suicidal folly for the people of the South to give any countenance to the theory of individual or popular right to set private interpretations of duty, or considerations of local interest, over statutes and constitutions."

Every word of this is true, and it is moreover true, that in every contest which the South has waged with the North the former has suffered, not at home indeed, but in arraying more and more the Northern feeling against us. It is true that there never was a time when the South was more united in determination to maintain its rights. There has been a thorough concentration of its feeling on this point. But it is equally true that there never was a time when she had so few friends at the North. What has driven from her troops of her former friends in that section? Manifestly, as we think, movements of those who hope and intend thereby to bring about a dissolution of the Union. To that effect speaks the Charleston Mercury, as quoted by the Picayune:

"The Mercury partly admits (says the Picayune) that such conduct [Southern retaliation] would be 'stupidity as flagrant as it is desperate,' if we purpose to remain in the Union. It treats the course of these who refuse to enforce the constitution and the laws with regard to the slave trade, as consistent, and wise, and respectable, only as they mean revolution and are preparing for revolution. In doing so, their object must be 'to put an end entirely to the constitution and our union with the Northern States, who refuse to be bound by the compact which it contains.' Hence the Mississippi mob, which drove a collector of Northern debts out of town, is invested with the same character as to the lawfulness of

these acts, and their political tendency, as the revolutionary party who threw the tea into Boston harbor. This is not the 'higher law' of the Northern Abolitionists, only because that affects to adhere to the constitution, except when some superior obligation of conscience interferes, while this meditates revolution, and is an overt act."

Money Needed.

The French Emperor is extremely anxious to borrow, \$100,000,000 Russia, 60,000,000 Prussia, 45,000,000 Sardinia, 25,000,000 England, 30,000,000

This makes the total amount of new loans in the market on behalf of the European States, at the present time, \$230,000,000.

England has to pay \$120,000,000 annually on her debt. It costs her nearly \$160,000,000 to maintain an efficient army and navy, and this swells her entire annual expenses to \$340,000,000. It costs Russia \$75,000,000 to support her army and navy while her entire debt is \$98,000,000. The finances of France are in no better condition. The war will be likely to break them into fragments, as governments, and more popular political institutions may rise from their ruins.

ANOTHER BOURBON GONE.—The notorious Ferdinand the Second, of Naples, has disappeared from the roll of sovereigns and of mortals. The terrible disease under which he has been so long suffering has at length done its work, and King Bomba has been gathered to his fathers. We believe that, with exception of the Queen of Spain, King Ferdinand was the only reigning sovereign in Europe who belonged to the Bourbon dynasty. The young Duke of Parma is a scion of that famous house, but he cannot be classed among reigning sovereigns. Thus we see, that while the star of the Napoleon dynasty is rising, that of the Bourbons is setting.

Ferdinand is succeeded by his eldest son, Francis the Second (Francis Maria Leopold, Duke of Calabria.) This prince, the issue of Ferdinand's first marriage, to a Sardinian Princess, is closely related to Victor Emanuel. His step-mother an Austrian princess, had been intriguing to obtain the succession for her eldest son, the Count of Trani; so that Francis represents the Sardinian party, in contradistinction to the Austrian party in Naples. This consideration, his family ties, and the popular sentiments of his subjects, may induce Francis to declare in favor of Italian independence. If he do, he will propitiate the Emperor of the French, and perhaps cause him to modify that portion of the programme which looks to placing Prince Lucien Murat, on the throne of Naples. If he do not, what between Austrian intrigue, revolution and the Napoleonic ideas, his throne would appear to be held but by a very uncertain tenure.—N. Y. Herald.

GINSENG.—Ginseng digging is creating as much excitement in Minnesota as the Pike's Peak fever, or as last winter's skunk skin traffic. Ginseng is about the only thing talked or thought of. It is the burden of life by day, and the dream by night. The "Big woods," where it grows, are thronged with diggers, who earn from one dollar to four dollars and a half per week each, which is more profitable and less inconvenient than grubbing at Pike's Peak. Ginseng, as every one knows, is a root which is exported to China, where it is valued at its weight in gold for its supposed medicinal qualities. It is to the Celestials what Dr. Quackenbush' "cure all" or Prof. Pillsbury's "universal panacea," might be, were their virtues ascertained to be all that is claimed for them. They chew it as mundane creatures do tobacco. The market price of ginseng at the "digging" is from six to ten cents per pound when green, and from twenty-five to thirty cents when dry.

HOW TO AVOID CAPE HATTERAS.—The opening of the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal completes a chain of inland navigation from New York southward, a distance of over 600 miles. Recently the steamer Victor, Capt. Morse, bound from Bath, Me., to St. Mary's Ga., was enebled, by means of this canal, to pass from Norfolk, through the inland waters of North Carolina, to a point beyond Hatteras. She was too large for the docks of the New Jersey and Delaware canals, but found no difficulty in passing through the new canal. Vessels drawing not more than five feet can now pass through the canal. When completed it is to be eight feet deep and seventy wide.—Jour. of Com.

Three cities, Boston, Chicago and New York, have been the scenes of 44 murders since the 1st of January last.

The net increase of the Methodist Church South the past year, was 43,398, making the present total membership of the M. E. Church South, 699,175.

American Citizenship Abroad.

The following letter has been published in the papers:

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, May 17, '59."

To Mr. Felix LeClerc, Memphis, Tenn.:
"Sir,—Your letter of the 13th inst. has been received. In reply I have to state that it is understood that the French Government claims military service from all natives of France who may be found within its jurisdiction. Your naturalization in this country will not exempt you from that claim if you should voluntarily repair thither.

"I am, Sir, your ob't serv't,"
"LEWIS CASS."

In other words, the title of an American citizen, which is held out as an inducement to foreigners to settle in this country, is a mere empty distinction, involving, it is true, allegiance and loyalty on the one side, but no such thing as protection on the other. Outside of the limits of the United States it cannot shield its bearer from outrage and oppression by foreign despots. At the very time at which we write an American citizen, a useful and highly-respected merchant of Iowa, who visited Prussia—his birth-place—to see some relatives, is serving a compulsory term of service in the Prussian army without a word of remonstrance from our Government.

The modern quibble that a foreigner must have fulfilled his obligations to his native country before presenting himself for naturalization here is inconsistent both with law and with common sense. No word of obligations to foreign States is to be found in the naturalization law.

If the doctrine be accepted that no foreign-born citizen can be protected who has not fulfilled the services which his native State may choose to exact from its people, then this country was in the wrong, and Great Britain in the right, in the controversy of 1813; for the services which Great Britain exacts from her people is perpetual allegiance. If Mr. Cass be right in declining to protect citizens of French or German birth against the conscription, neither can he justify the Government of Madison in denying the right of the British to shoot the Irishmen taken under General Scott. The principle is the same in both cases. Great Britain exacts a life of allegiance from her natives, as Germany and France exact so many years' military service from theirs; if we are to respect the one, we must also respect the other. Under the policy of Mr. Cass, every British-born citizen of the country might be shot as a traitor if, in the event of war with England, they served under the American flag. Naturalization, in fact, under this reading of the law, becomes a farce.

The true idea of the naturalization law of the United States is that every man has, on reaching his majority, a right to select his country, irrespective of the accident of his birth, and that by doing so the transfer which a foreigner makes of his allegiance to the land of his adoption is thorough, complete and final. This idea is a necessary and legitimate consequence of the great democratic principle on which all our institutions and all our liberties are based. The recognition by our Government of the pains and penalties imposed by foreign potentates on those who have had the misfortune to be born in their dominions, gives the lie to our whole political system, and involves a denial of the first propositions in the Declaration of Independence.

It would not have been necessary to make war on the offending nations. A simple embargo on their wares and products would have achieved the desired result without appreciable injury to this country.—Neither Prussia nor any other European state would risk the loss of their American trade for the sake of half a dozen additional soldiers. Six months' stoppage of the export of dry goods from Germany and France to the United States would break half the foreign spinners, and would very quickly bring the sovereigns to their senses. And what a triumph for American diplomacy! It may be safely said that no single act would create such enthusiasm throughout this country as the humiliation of a European power for outraging an American citizen. Every American heart would thrill with pride at intelligence of such an event. Nothing would be too great for the successful vindicator of American citizenship to ask of his countrymen. Witness the affair of Kosztar.—Harper's Weekly.

"GOOD FOR THIS DAY ONLY."—A case of some interest to railroad travelers, as settling a principle, has been recently decided. James H. Hotchkiss, of Prattsburg, Steuben county, bought a ticket on the Erie Railroad at New York for Rochester. It was marked "good for six days only." After the expiration of "six days" Mr. H. presented the ticket between Bath and Rochester. It was refused and he was ejected from the cars. He commenced a suit, which was recently tried before referees designated by the Supreme Court, and they have awarded the plaintiff \$150 damages.

THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, June 18, 1859.

C. C. COLE,
J. W. ALBRIGHT. } Editors and Proprietors.

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CARUTHERS, D.D.,
WM. R. HUNTER,
J. STARR BOWLING,
MR. L. H. RIGGINS,
J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,
S. J. C. WHITLESSEY,
MARY W. JAMES,
WILLIE E. FADOR,
INA CLAYTON,
C. G. DUNN,
ANNA M. EATON,
GRACE MILWOOD,
MR. L. M. HUTCHINSON,
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,
MR. C. HUTCHINS,
GRIFFITH J. MORRIS,
and others.

PAUL MORPHY.

For a long time after the nations of the Old World had reluctantly acknowledged the political independence of our country, they affected a contempt for the American intellect. Of late years many circumstances have contributed to efface so unjust a prejudice. In the walks of literature, Irving, Prescott, Bancroft and Holmes have achieved work that extorts praise in the classic precincts of Oxford and of Cambridge, and even from the merciless critics of the Quarterlies. The weird strains of Poe, the matchless sonnets of Bryant and the majestic hexameters of Longfellow, have nobly vindicated the reputation of American song. It was but a few months ago, that a number of gentlemen, lovers of the intricate and exciting game of Chess, met in New York, to engage in a mutual trial of skill. A youthful champion from the Sunny South, bore off the palm. Scarce had our trans-atlantic "cousins," heard that a beardless boy, just emerged from his teens had proven victor at the Chess Congress, when they raised a cry of derision at the incompetency of the nation that could have allowed such a result. Foremost among the scoffers, was Howard Staunton, the veteran champion of the English Chess arena. Stung with the undeserved taunt, the devotees of Chess, in the Crescent City, invited Mr. Staunton to our shores to prove his claims to superiority upon the chequered field. He declined. Mr. Morphy was then prevailed upon by his friends, to cross the ocean, to face so formidable an opponent. He was courteously welcomed in London. The most redoubtable players of England, and among them Mr. Staunton, were met and vanquished in many a social but hard-fought game. Mr. Staunton was more than vanquished—he was daunted. He refused to meet the young hero, whom he had once condemned, in a regular match, alleging want of time as his excuse.

Disappointed, Mr. Morphy crossed to the Continent, where his career for several months, was a succession of glorious triumphs. The cautious and hitherto invincible players of the German School, yielded before his surpassing genius—the crack champions of the famous *Café de la Régence*, skilled in the accumulated Chess-learning of many a century, bowed before the native vigor of his play. Courts and sovereigns beheld the young citizen of a Western Republic eclipsing all in the royal game, and could not withhold their plaudits. Names hitherto at the head of the Chess calendar, such as those of Anderson, Lowenthal and Harwitz, took the second place; and the young Champion of the World fairly earned a right to the title, by beating the best players of France at the heavy odds of the knight.

He has re-crossed the brine, and is once more among us. His reception among his countrymen of the North, has

not unbeseemed the glory of his exploits. Boston has crowned him with laurels, New York has laid gemmed and golden offerings at his feet. Let not the South be behindhand in doing honor to the young hero, whom she may claim as her own. He has vindicated the capacity of the Southern mind—let us not be slow to acknowledge the obligation.

Health and Disease.

Dr. Hall's new book, "Health and Disease," is characterized by the same openness of manner and clearness of diction, that so strongly mark his other writings. We much admire his freedom and plainness, since it doffs the worded robes of "distinguished physicians and chemists," and puts every one (as should be the case) on an equal footing. This is evidently a "book for the million," a book suited to the situations and wants of people in any condition, a book, as the author says, for the common people. It is perhaps on this account that Dr. Hall has chosen to write in such a style, a style far removed from that of medical works at the present day.

However much we admire the book, we are constrained to say that it is like other of his publications, too boastful—too Kentucky-like—(if we may be permitted so to say, without any disrespect to that State)—and this trait detracts much if not from the interest, at any rate from the confidence we would place in such a book. Another fault (perhaps inappropriately would be the better word) is, that it is not sufficiently systematic in its arrangement. It has an index, but we would prefer it had been printed in chapters or in sections, so that it would be more suitable for reference.

We confess we were surprised that it should take so few pages to treat of health and disease; and rather disappointed on account of its size. Still, we have found it to contain more common sense than any book of its compass lately, and we think that our readers will entertain the same opinion when they have perused it.

"Health and Disease" is bound in cloth, of duodecimo size, price one dollar. Address Henry B. Price, No. 3 Everett House, New York city.

The Power of Napoleon.

The success of Napoleon will depend very much upon the affection his people may have for him, as the French are known to be very much influenced by their affections. Their arms sustained by their hearts, strike quicker and deadlier blows.

Of their affection for Napoleon III., the result of the late call for a subscription loan is perhaps reliable evidence. The Emperor asked the people for a loan of \$100,000,000 with which to begin the war. The people have responded by offering him nearly \$500,000,000! Books of subscription were opened on the 7th and closed on the 14th of May. The number of subscribers was more than five hundred and twenty-five thousand. The amount subscribed in Paris was 1,547,000,000 francs. As the French Minister reporting the matter remarks, "the result, obtained so soon, after alimentary, monetary, commercial and political crises which have troubled the world and shaken the stoutest positions, exhibits in strong relief the solidity of the financial system of France, her wealth, power and patriotism." The subscription is certainly a strong mark of confidence in the Sovereign, and, at the same time, as the Emperor doubtless intended, an agent of no small power in strengthening his hold upon his subjects. The half million money lenders are directly interested in maintaining his government, and receiving the interest on their investments.

How RAIL ROADS PAY:—The Virginia and Tennessee railroad is 204 miles in length. In 1850 the taxable value of land in the counties through which it passes, as taken from the census, was \$28,942,647, and in 1856 the State assessment makes it \$53,917,229! or an increase in six years of \$24,964,589. This sudden increase is alone the result of the internal improvement.

PROFESSOR OLMSTED.

The memory of this eminent author and teacher should be perpetuated by all lovers of science. And especially should he be remembered by the people of N. Carolina, among whom he labored during ten years of his life.

He died of acute neuralgia, at his residence in New Haven, on the 13th of May. He was nearly 68 years of age, having been born on the 18th of June, 1791, at East Hartford, Connecticut. His father dying while he was very young, his education devolved upon a mother of uncommon excellence and strength of character. When sixteen years old he commenced his preparation for college, increasing his limited means by teaching a public school. Graduating at Yale College, with the highest honors of the institution, in 1813, he resumed the employment of teaching, in which he continued till his death.

After two years spent in a select school, and two years in a tutorship at Yale College, he was appointed Prof. of Chemistry in the University of N. Carolina, whence, in 1825, he was called to the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Yale College. His text books of Philosophy and Astronomy for College classes and for rudimentary instruction, have been for years standard works, while his contributions to Reviews and to Scientific Journals were very numerous.

"But it is as an early and constant advocate and laborer for improvement in common schools, that Professor Olmsted deserves especial honor. He seems to have been one of the first to insist upon the necessity for elevating the character of the instruction in these schools, and very early he formed a plan for 'An Academy for School Masters.' He believed that a better education was necessary for teachers, and that the proper training to fit them at once for their work, could be obtained only in seminaries devoted exclusively to the education of teachers, in the principles and practice of their profession, and guided by men eminent for their talents and practical wisdom. Hence he was an advocate and friend of Normal Schools, and, by his influence, contributed much to their establishment."

"Professor Olmsted," says *Barvard's Journal of Education*, for September, 1858, "has been one of the few teachers in our higher seminaries of learning, who have assisted, from the start, by their presence and co-operation, the efforts of the friends of Common Schools and popular education. His sympathies have been with those who have labored for the improvement of the schools of his native State prior to 1826, down to the present time."

HYDE COUNTY, N. C.—Very few persons have an idea of the fertility of the North-eastern counties of North Carolina. A writer in the *Southern Farmer* says it is "the most beautiful farming country on the face of the globe"—a perfect "garden spot." As evidence of its productiveness he says that "it has a population of 5000 to 6000, and ships from 500,000 to 600,000 bushels of corn, some 50,000 bushels of wheat, with peas, potatoes, &c." Well may the writer say that this is hard to beat.

We have heard almost equal accounts of the other counties in that section of the State, from Halifax to Pasquotank, and from Martin to Tyrrell.

FINE WHEAT:—C. N. McAdoo, Esq., showed us last week a fine specimen from his crop of wheat. The heads measured from three to five inches and averaged forty grains of wheat.

VALUABLE PATENT.—Dr. McNash of Berlin, Wisconsin, has sold the patent of a churn invented by him, for \$20,000.

To suppress a harsh answer, to confess fault, or to stop short in the midst of self-defence, in gentle submission, sometimes requires a struggle almost like life and death.

The Emperor of Austria has pledged the crown jewels to the heirs of Baron Sina, the banker, as a guarantee for a loan of 32,000,000 florins—about fifteen millions of dollars.

Our Own Gossip.

EDITED BY "PONINGOE."

There is something so droll, characteristic, fun-inspiring, shrewd, mouth-stretching and devil-raising (I must say it) in the pure, unadulterated Yankee, fresh from the land of birch nutmegs and hickory hams, that we never can look upon such a creation without feeling disposed to loosen our suspenders preparatory to a violent seige of laughter. The Yankee! what has he not done? allow us to ask. Look at the baby-jumpers—choice offsprings of his inventive genius; look at the churn he but recently "got up" which makes butter in about a minute and a half; look at the patents heaped upon copyrights, and copy-rights heaped upon patents, of which he is the undisputed author. Think of what the Yankee has done since his "peepers" were first kissed by the light of this world; think of Lexington and Ticonderoga, Bunker Hill and Yorktown, Saratoga and Monmouth; think of his progenitors, the Adamsons, of Henry, Franklin, Jefferson, Putnam, Warren, Marion, (little Frank and his sweet potato dinner) Sumpter, and all those patriots, civil and military, who nursed the Yankee, and "made a man of him." Appropos to these thoughts, we beg leave to introduce the following, sent us by a contributor who signs himself "SEVENTY-SIX." Here it is:

OLD AND YOUNG AMERICA.

Two or three years ago I was stopping at a country tavern "down in Kentucky" one winter night. It was a very cold night, and there were about a dozen persons, some sitting, others standing around the red-hot stove, in the room. The crowd was made up of a number of Irishmen, Yankees, one or two "Yorks" and one great stalwart darkey, who had the reputation of being able to drink more hard liquor than anybody else in the town. The Irishmen were standing near the counter, taking their hot whiskey. "Here's to England," shouted one of their number, "here's to England, the Queen of the Sea!" Down went the whiskey, and no sooner was it down, than the glasses were filled again, and one of the sons of Erin, who apparently didn't relish the toast that had been given, elevating himself on a stool, held his glass of whiskey over his head, and exclaimed: "Here's to America, the Queen of the Sea, and the Queen of the Land, too; sure, and didn't he be after licking old England when he was but a boy, and what, by the powers, couldn't he do now that he's a man, be jabbers?" The roar of laughter that followed this toast was not unlike the thunder of Niagara. SEVENTY-SIX.

We hope to hear from "Seventy-Six" again soon.

"Jenny Mayflower" sends us a poem this week, which we proceed, at once, without any preliminary remarks, to lay before our readers. It reads as follows:

SUMMER-TIME.

The hottest days of all the year
Are here;
And not a drop of shining dew
I view.

The leaves are parching, drying up,
And death is in the lily's cup.

The breath of heaven no longer showers
On flowers,

The cool, sweet kisses of the South;
Its mouth

Is dry, and feverish, and red,
Just like a crimson rose-bud dead.

When'er I walk where flowers group
They droop,

And dying leaves on every tree
I see.

The weary insects cease to hum,
And nature's lips are growing dumb.

But time wings on, and cooler hours
On flowers,

Will by-and-by plant sweetest dew
Into

The lily's soft and waving bell,
And softly whisper "All is well."

Ah, Jenny, Jenny, you're a gentle-hearted girl, we opine; else, why would you write as you have written above? "Summer-Time" could have been written by no one possessing more brain than heart, more cold calculation than warm affection. God bless you, Jenny.

We are acquainted with a man who glories in the *onkmon* name of Smith; to complete the *onkmonality* of his sobriquet, there is John added to it, which, you will observe, makes his name *substanti substantum John Smith*. The unusuality of this name makes him quite an eye-sore-lation among his acquaintance; in fact, he is a man distinguishable on account of his eccentricities, and inextinguishable (just

now) because of the constitutionality of his "powers that be." The class to which John Smith belongs is that class which is generally called "The Bummers." He hasn't done a day's work for the last twel' month, and being by nature an inheritor of poverty, a seedier looking "old Bummer" never hugged a lamp-post or slept in a hogshedd. Day in and day out, John Smith does nothing but stand around and in these infectious, ulcerated sin-traps, called rum-shops, drinking and swearing, fighting and bragging. He was a married man once, but he broke the heart of her who clung to him till the last, and laid her in a pauper's grave, and, shortly after her death, did the same for his children. Magnanimousability! John Smith has done all this. Aye, he has done more, too. He once, under the influence of liquor, perjured himself, and now no one considers it wise to believe him, even under oath. Such a man is this eccentric (?) John Smith. Rum has been his curse as it has of thousands upon thousands of human beings. Look around you at the desolate homes, at the blanched cheeks, the sunken eyes, the bent forms, the unsafe steps. Look at (or into) the penniless pockets, the buttonless shirts, the stockingless feet, the sole-less understandings, and tell us who is there, among our readers, who will follow in the typical footsteps of John Smith?

We have a characteristic e-pistol before us fresh from the famous land of *Varmount*—the home of the "Green Mountain Boys"—which we take great pleasure in introducing to our readers:

UP-IN-VARMOUNT,
May 31st, 1859.

Dere Gossip:—I have bin up hear now for about a weak 'r more. I kum up hear 2 C meye frenz & eye halve scene 'em. Thare aw! O. K. jest now; how long thail bee sow is more than I'm abul 2 sa. Sukey, mi sister, hez got 2 great big eelefantine boils on 'er; wone is on the tip end of her knows, and tuther is stuck 2 the back on 'er neck. Grabs me! if yew kud oulce C 'er, yew'd lart. Boils ain't nothin', yew no; like the 2th aik, tha don't enlt 4th much simpatih. Mi brother Zackeriah is well as enny body kan be expected to be wot's got the fever in nagur. Thint's wot tha koll it, eye bleve. Daddly is fresh as a Wethersfield onion, and mammy's red in the face as ever. This is sum kentry up hear, yew ma rekkan. I went out ridin' yesterday, and while eye wuz on the bak of the horse he was tacked with the blind stagers, and sich a time as eye had wud take awl the authors from Saucer [our correspondent probably means Chaucer.—Ed.] to Doughstix to diskribe. But eye must kloze mi pistol and let it go awf by the next male. Eye'll rie agin wun of these daze and let yew no how Sukey gits on with 'er boils & how mi brother's complaints is, & how he bares up under the condition.

Yures korrespondingli,

JEREMIAH JONES.

Don't fail to write us, "Jerry," when you can find time; you are, *prima facie*, a man of "janius."

A friend of ours in a recent letter says:

"The world is illy prepared for the loss of such a man as Humboldt, and though his demise was expected in the natural course of things, it has yet surprised us all. Our wonder and admiration is no less excited by his extraordinary physical powers, than by the immensity of his intellect. He was truly a remarkable man, and but one such is produced in a century."

We were looking over the list of Humboldt's works a few days since, and we find that in the catalogue of books in the Astor Library, New York, they occupy about three pages, the title only of each work being mentioned. What a worker this great man must have been! Never wearying, never flagging, he labored on through a life long and honorable, working even down to the last hour of his existence. No man ever did more for the advancement of his fellow men, socially, morally, intellectually and politically than this man of ninety years—Alexander Von Humboldt.

Here we say good-bye, friend Gossips, till another week comes dancing along.

Negro boys from ten to fifteen years old, in Georgia and Alabama hire per year, from fifty to eighty dollars. Negro men hire from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars per year. Negro Women (field hands) hire from one hundred and twenty five to two hundred dollars per year.

WAR!

Hark! the brazen drum of discord
Peals aloud its deathful notes!
See! the flag of desolation
O'er approaching armies floats!
'Tis proud *Assyria's* countless legions,
That are hurrying to the fray;
'Tis her double beaked eagle
That swoops swiftly on its prey!

Now the thrones of Italy totter,
And her weak republics rock,
But *Sardinia*, still undaunted,
Will withstand the fearful shock!
Still will wave aloft her banner,
As the champion of the right—
Still will face the hosts of Freedom,
In the hottest of the fight!

Her *hat* is hard. The Austrian
Will lay waste her lovely plains—
He will persecute her people,
Till they grasp his proffered chains.
But yet she stands defiant,
And rejecting each demand,
She calls her sons around her
To defend their native land!

But hark! the tramp of allies
Echoes thro' the mountain glades!
And a thousand brave battalions
Are moving to her aid!
Hosts of young and ardent warriors
To the rescue now advance,
And a hundred thousand bayonets
Glitter round the flag of France!

Turin! Turin! be steadfast now
For liberty and life!
Relief is nigh—soon shalt thou be
The victor in the strife!
Let thy defenders murmur low,
In one concordant breath,
The watchword that must save thee now,
"Resistance unto death!"

Letters from Julia Southall.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

UMBRA, June 3d, 1859.

DEAR TIMES.—Florence has become to me very much like that renowned Sultan with the unpronounceable name was to her Blue-beardish husband,—holding my attention by relating snail scraps at a time of

LIFE'S CHANGES.

CHAPTER VII.

THE INTERVIEW.

"Art thou my brother? Can it be that I should fear to meet with thee—Thou, so beloved, till now unknown; Whose blood is kindred to my own—Thou, whom I deemed to know were bliss—Oh! what agony is this!"

Zillah mounted Ethio that same evening while her father was absent in Staunton, and rode briskly in the direction of Castle Crag. For the first time in her life she was troubled and serious. Doubts and fears perplexed her mind, and feeling almost certain that Saint Leger could solve the problem that racked her brain, she urged her spirited little horse into a swift gallop, the sooner to arrive at her destination. The frowning front of Castle Crag soon loomed from the bold brow on which it was situated, and Zillah crossed Deadman's Creek, and having tethered Ethio in the dark glen, she, in her feverish impatience, sprang up the steep cliff, instead of taking the road round its base. Clinging to the matted vines and hardy shrubs she jumped from rock to rock like an active little monkey, till she stood before the lateless door.

She pushed it open as formerly, and entered, proceeding straight to the last night's banquet hall. All was the same, save that the table with its savory viands had disappeared.

She came out and wandered through room after room, naked, empty, desolate, echoing her foot-falls mournfully. She called aloud, and the hollow echoes replied, mocking her loneliness. Descending finally to the lower floor she entered the great, dim, old parlor. A startled raven flew out from his crevice in the wall, circling round and round the room, hovering over her head, and finally darting through the open window.

Overcome by the strange and utter loneliness with which she was surrounded, Zillah sank upon the oaken floor, and the echoes replied to her sobs. She did not weep, but experienced that dull, aching pain in her heart and brain, which we feel sometimes when oppressed with the weight of some unknown sorrow, when tears would be a relief, but we cannot weep, for we know not what it is that troubles us. A vague, indefinite idea of terrible woe—more torturing than the bitterest tears.

So Zillah did not weep, but great, gasping sobs broke from her heavy breast and aching throat, as she sat upon the floor. Suddenly she felt a scorching pain upon her bosom, and instinctively raised her hand. It fell upon the ruby cross.

She lifted it from her neck, and she thought that its color had deepened. There was certain of it, at length, for she saw—or fancied she saw—the vane of red flush with a darker tint, like the blush of a girl.

It burnt her, too, and she hastily replaced it; and, for perhaps the very first time in her life, Zillah was frightened.—A terrible longing to be out in the free air, beneath the blue sky, in the green wood, anywhere, but there, in that weird

hall, came over her. Springing up she fled like a deer through the door and down the rocky path, till, trembling and panting, she stood beside Ethio in the Haunted Glen.

She turned his head homeward, and had regained the opposite side of Deadman's Creek, when Saint Leger emerged from the tall pines and stood before her.

There was no change in his marble features as he beheld Zillah, nor did any perceptible emotion displace the blended scorn and levity which sat upon his features, as he leaned carelessly upon his rifle and looked steadily into her face.

Zillah uttered a low cry of joy and immediately rode up to him.

"Saint Leger!" she cried, "are you my brother?"

He was shaken now. His lips paled, and his eye lids fell.

"Are you my brother?" she repeated, her large eyes gleaming with unnatural light.

He replied by a mocking laugh, low, soft, and strangely musical, but it had a wild, taunting echo, and rang through the gloomy glen. Zillah shuddered.

"Are you my brother?" she cried, yet more wildly and eagerly.

"What could put such a thought into your brain?"

"Oh! answer me! Are you my brother?"

"And if I am?"

"Oh! man! tell me in mercy. Are you, or are you not my brother?"

She hoped—she almost believed—he would say no. This could not be the brother she had so ardently longed to know, the only son of that angel mother.

Eagerly—hopefully,—she awaited his reply. It came, slow, measured, distinct; the emphatic words dropping like lead upon her heart.

"I am Emmett Sutherland, your brother, and the only son of William Sutherland, of Sutherland Hall."

A mist came over her eyes, and her brain reeled. She grasped the saddle convulsively, and the spasm passed. Saint Leger made a cup of some broad oak-leaves and brought her water from the Creek, which she drank eagerly.

"Come," said the outlaw, lifting her from the saddle, "I have much of importance to tell you."

She shrank from his touch, though she knew—she felt—that he had spoken the truth, and that he was her brother; but she knew that hand was red with blood. Saint Leger remarked her shrinking manner but said nothing, and she sat down on a fallen tree, waiting his words.

"I will not sit beside you, since you shudder at my slightest touch. I had hoped and believed that you, at least, would be my friend; but it matters not, and I forget, too, that as yet you know nothing of my wrongs, aye, your mother's sufferings."

"Ah, yes, my mother!" eagerly she interrupted. "Tell me all! I sought you for that purpose."

"You sought me—and why?"

"I knew—that is, I suspected, some tie of blood between us, and I have long desired to know my mother's history. Tell me all."

The outlaw threw himself upon the turf at her feet, leaning his head upon his hand, till the locks of raven hair concealed his features. Zillah looked at him half in fear and half in loathing. Since the discovery of their near relationship a strong dislike and repugnance to him had arisen in her breast, and she did not try to stifle the feeling. She beheld in Saint Leger only the degraded gipsy, the wild outlaw, the robber, the murderer, and not a brother or friend. She shuddered at the thought of being so nearly connected with the crime-stained being at her feet—that any portion of the blood that warmed his dark heart should throb in her veins. So she looked upon him in dread and fear, a settled hatred swelling in her breast, while his was warm and glowing with the only pure feeling which had withstood sin and sorrow, and which might have redeemed his soul from utter despair—love for the children of his dead mother.

He raised his head and looked into her face, his own dark features beaming with affection pure as the purest heart could give, the scornful sneer all gone. He met the look of intense dislike which gleamed from her grey eyes, and saw no softening about the compressed lips as shuddering she turned away. It was humiliating to her proud soul to be beloved by a criminal.

The light died out in his brilliant eyes, and the sneering scorn curved his lip as he looked upon her face.

"'Tis not the first time I have been deceived," he said, coldly and calmly as heretofore, "but I did not think so to be received by you, my sister, who bears my mother's name. But let this pass. 'Tis only the destruction of another air-castle which I had no more sense than to rear. You came to hear your mother's history, and you shall hear it. The story of my own wrongs I shall not burden you with."

"Ah! yes," she said, quickly, "if there is aught that can excuse your life of crime, let me hear it. I cannot bear to hate you. It is so unnatural!"

"Listen, then," said the gipsy. "I must begin with my mother's history, which is somewhat linked with mine.—But she died—thank God—before I be-

came—what you see and shudder at.—Listen."

CHAPTER VIII.

A WOMAN'S FATE.

Ask why she loved him? Curious fool, he still is human love the growth of human will!

"Alas! that woman's heart will cling To nought that ever feels its worth; As prairie roses creep and fling Their richest bloom upon the earth."

"My mother," began Saint Leger, was a gipsy by birth, but she possessed none of the distinguishing traits of the gipsy character. Her name, like yours, was Zillah. She was naturally mild and affectionate, yielding to those she loved, and once possessed of her affections you could do with her what you would; she was meek, uncomplaining to the last.

"This much of her character I know, for I was with her during her severest trials. Mr. Sutherland—I will not call him father—saw her once with her hand, an innocent child of the wilderness, and she loved him. He said he loved her. I do not know; he may have done so. At any rate, he was not one to deny himself the indulgence of any pleasure, forbidden or otherwise, for he was passionate, self-willed and reckless. This I resemble him in."

"Well, he married her, consulting, as ever, his own feelings without reference to others. He took her to his proud home, and his haughty relatives could scarcely be persuaded to acknowledge the marriage; well would it have been for her if they had not! His proud mother passed her by without notice, scarcely replying by a stately bow when he led her blushing and trembling, into their presence. Miss Sutherland (Marcella Cardozo's mother), coldly 'hoped Mrs. Sutherland was well.'"

"The other sister, your aunt Anna, glanced pityingly at the lonely little figure overwhelmed by the reception which she met, but awe of the stately mother checked any kindly words which might have risen to her lips, and she silently conducted my mother to a seat."

"Mr. Sutherland was deeply mortified at the welcome given to his wife, and (unnatural as it may appear,) vexed with my mother for submitting to daily and aggravated insults so tamely. Had she rebelled proudly against the petty tyranny which was a crown of thorns to her shrinking and sensitive spirit, he would probably have taken her part against the jealous family by which she was surrounded, but he could not understand the willing nature of my mother's soul. Resistance to anything was wholly opposed to her nature, and humility and meekness were in her predominant. Then, too, she was totally uneducated, and the fresh simplicity which was so charming in the gipsy maid was another source of annoyance in the conventional circles to which he introduced her. Thus, the very virtues and charms which at first attracted him served only to militate against her. So widely separated are the forest and the drawing-room."

"The private lives of thousands of women could they be written would prove them martyrs in the highest sense of the word, and such was my mother. I do not intend to draw aside the veil which hid from the world's view her misery, for you would not understand her sufferings; but there are many, many wives and mothers in the world who, could they read her history, would behold a type of their hidden life."

"You may judge of the agony her sensitive and loving heart endured in her long period of gilded slavery, and the bitter tears she shed when she found that he who was the cause of all her sorrow had wearied of the pretty toy which he had cast aside like any other faded flower. At first she endeavored to win back his affection, for through all his coldness and neglect her love for him burned with undying strength, but it was worse than useless."

"Indifference changed to dislike, and dislike gave place to hatred. I dare not tell you, Zillah, the suffering she now endured at the hands of him who had taken her, a tender flower, from her free, wild wood to perish in the hot house of society. During the tortures inflicted on her sensitive spirit by the proud mother-in-law, who, since the death of her husband, had ruled the household, and the haughty Claire, her husband's best beloved sister, she had but one, and she a secret friend, Anna, the youngest sister. She saw and appreciated my mother's character; and she saw, too, what the other's remained obstinately blind to, that my mother's intellect, although uncultivated, was of no common order."

"Joyfully my poor mother accepted her proposal to study with her, in private, and by this means my mother's education was completed. Anna Sutherland saw, with increasing hope, the prospect of a reconciliation between her family and her brother's wife—that my mother became each day more self-possessed and dignified, so that it was often remarked in rooms crowded with elegant and fashionable women, 'what a splendid and noble looking woman Mrs. Sutherland is.' But the improvement was either unnoticed or uncared for by her husband and his family, for there was no alteration of their treatment of her."

"Finally, Anna married and went to England, where she died. May she rest

in peace, for earth holds few nobler spirits than hers."

"Thus my mother was left alone without a friend, and my birth did not tend to render her situation more pleasant. I was by nature a gipsy, and nothing could overcome my repugnance to a civilized life. Moreover, I loved my mother passionately, and I hated my father as much. From my first recollection we had a mortal antipathy to each other, which was not lessened by the interference of his family."

"When I was nine years old my father had a violent dispute with, or rather he abused my gentle mother, to such a degree that, fearing he would offer personal violence, I interposed, and begged him to be silent. Now, as I was but a child, the maturity of my mind and my small figure had something disagreeably elfish in the contrast, and I think my father was afraid of me. As I clung to his arm, entreating him not to harm my mother, he shook me off fiercely, exclaiming:

"'Sit down, you gipsy brat, and if you dare again to interpose between your mother and me, you leave my house forever! Do you hear, sir?'"

"It will not do any great harm to me," I replied, undauntedly. "I only wish my mother would go, too before you kill her! We'd join the gipsy gang, and go far, far away, where we could never hear of you more!"

"Oh! my son, be silent!" cried my mother, in an agony of fear.

"This speech of mine was the first intimation either she or my father had received that I knew my gipsy origin. My father turned to my mother, grasping the delicate wrist till the small hand grew purple."

"Have you dared, base, ungrateful wretch!" he hissed, "to teach that gipsy devil to scorn and despise me?"

"His face grew livid with rage, and he paid no heed to her large, imploring eyes that were raised to his with an expression of piteous agony."

"Oh! William," cried my mother, "I know not where the child learned such words. I have always taught him to love and honor you."

"Unable to control myself longer, I struck my father a blow that stretched him senseless at my mother's feet."

"Unhappy boy, what have you done?" she shrieked. "Take this cross and flee for your life. Your father will never forgive you, for he hates you now. Seek Miriam, the gipsy prophet, and she will recognize the cross. Oh! go, my wretched boy, before your father recovers."

"I take the cross, mother," I said, "but I will not go until my father bids me."

"He recovered, and it proved as she said. My history you shall have next. I was disinherited, and six months after I heard of my mother's death. Her persecutors discovered, too late, that they had entertained an angel unawares, and with bitter remorse they received her dying forgiveness. My father alone would never see or forgive her, and turning meekly to the wall, she died without seeing him she had loved so well."

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Boquet.

BY CORBIS.

Sweet emblems of innocence, laden with dew,
What say your bright petals so fragrant to view?

Do you sing some *Æolian* carol once lisped
By the deep ruby lips you have silently kissed?
Is your sweet, stilly smile a semblance divine
Of a heart that approves the glad echo of mine?

What say the gay flowers? Is your fragrance
A toy?

To please my fond sense—give a sweet transient joy,
Then fading in beauty you pine on the stem,
And die in full loveliness, ere the bright gem
Makes my welcome complete by your speedy good-bye

For the home of oblivion—ne'er breathing one sigh?

The flowers replied, "We're a sisterhood gay
That have basked in the light of the morn's gentle ray—
We have caught the stray smiles that have wandered away
From the sweet eyes of MORTUITY for many a day."

From her lily-white hand we have just come away—
Other smiles we're a sample quite true," said they.

"Her heart is a well-spring of goodness and truth—
Like the flowers she gives you, so fresh is her youth—
Like their fragrance her friendship is sweetly the same."

Though her heart owns a thought unlike friendship in name,
And her soul, like the stamens that peep from our eyes,
Is as soft to the touch—to misfortune's lone cries."

Thus the bright flowers told me, or fancy ran wild
With the pleasure they gave me—so innocent, mild,
Each tiny bud opening is prized still more dear.

Than the blown or sleeping, all faded and seen,
And often my heart thoughts will turn to the day
I received such a talkative, social bouquet!

All the best results of a garden, like those of life, are slowly but regularly progressive.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Stanzas.

BY MRS. M. D. WILLIAMS.

The voice of Spring surrounds me now—
I feel her breath upon my brow,
And yet my soul is desolate
As the lone dove without her mate.
For me the way-side blossoming,
Or birds that sweetly chant and sing,
No thrill of joy or pleasure bring.

The haunts of other years I tread;
But there the leaves of hope are dead;
I wander in the paths of yore,
But they are beautiful no more;
I pause to gaze upon the sky,
Which once I watched with ecstasy,
But now I view it with a sigh.

I smile not with the smiles of Spring—
I joy not with the birds that sing—
For oh! I miss the smile and voice
Which could alone my heart rejoice;
Then what availeth now to me
The song of bird or humming bee,
Or music of the streamlet free?

Ah! what availeth to the sad
The music of the free and glad!
Or what availeth now to me
The voice of Spring's soft melody!
I know the flowers of earth are fair,
And soft and fragrant is the air,
But I am lonely everywhere.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is about in the world, scattered in paragraphs and old corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, edited and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the musician, the farmer, and the house keeper.

USEFUL MEDICAL HINTS.—If a person swallow any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy, more efficient and applicable in a large number of cases than any half a dozen medicines we can now think of, is a teaspoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard stirred rapidly in a teacup of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach; and lest there be any remnant of poison, however small, let the white of an egg, or a teacupful of strong coffee, be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet; because these very common articles nullify a larger number of virulent poisons than any medicines in the shops.

In cases of scalding or burning the body, immersing the part in the cold water gives entire relief as instantaneously as lightning. Meanwhile, get some common dry flour, and apply it an inch or two thick on the injured part the moment it emerges from the water, and keep on sprinkling the flour through anything like a pepper-box cover, so as to put on evenly. Do nothing else, drink nothing but water, eat nothing until improvement commences, except some dry bread softened in very weak tea of some kind. Cures of frightful burnings have been performed in this way, as wonderful as they are painless. We once saved the life of an infant which had been inadvertently drugged with laudanum, and which was fast sinking into the sleep which has no waking, by giving it strong coffee, cleared with the white of an egg, a teaspoonful every five minutes until it ceased to be drowsy.

SPLITTING ROCKS WITHOUT BLASTING.—Some French inventors have taken out a patent in England for splitting rocks by the generation of heat without causing an explosion. They used a substance composed of 100 parts of sulphur by weight, 100 of saltpetre, 50 of saw-dust 50 of horse manure, and 10 of common salt. The saltpetre and common salt are dissolved in hot water, to which four parts of molasses are added, and the whole ingredients stirred until they are thoroughly incorporated together in one mass, which is then dried by a gentle heat in a room or by exposure to the sun, and is fit for use. It is tamped in the holes bored for blasting rock in the same manner as powder, and is ignited by a fusee. It does not cause an explosion upward like gunpowder, but generates a great heat, which splits the rock.

HOLLOW BRICKS.—Mr. Chadwick, an eminent English builder, says that walls built of hollow brick possess many advantages over those in common use, and are superior both to common brick and stone. The advantages consist in the fact that they prevent to passage of humidity, being drier; they prevent the passage of heat, and are warmer in Winter and cooler in Summer; they are a security against fire; prevent the passage of sound; have less unnecessary material, and are lighter; are better dried, and burnt harder and stronger; are more cleanly, and capable of ventilation; are cheaper, and applicable to inner partitions; and are impervious to heat and moisture.

AGE OF SHEEP FOR MUTTON.—A late English writer says: "A sheep to be in high order for the palate of the epicure, should not be killed earlier than five years old, at which age the mutton will be rich and succulent, of a dark color, and full of the richest and most delicious gravy."

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

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NEW YORK TRIBUNE:—We see it stated that Greeley has gone on a tour drumming up subscribers to his paper, which needs them sadly. A correspondent writes, that at one place, where there was a club of the Tribune, the subscribers having seen Greeley and heard him speak, refused to take his paper any longer. When Greeley returns we advise him to take Virginia in his way, where he is under indictment for crime.

In his last issue he has an article on North Carolina, which should entitle him to a new coat, if he ever visits the State.

VIRGINIA CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION.—The Virginia delegation in the next Congress will stand as follows:

1. John S. Millson, Dem. 2. M. R. H. Garnett, Dem. 3. D. C. DeJarnett, In. Dem. 4. Wm. O. Goode, Dem. 5. Thomas S. Bocoek, Dem. 6. Shelton F. Leak, I. Dem. 7. Wm. Smith, Dem. 8. Alex. R. Boteler, Whig. 9. John T. Harris, I. Dem. 10. Sherrard Clemens, Dem. 11. Albert G. Jenkins, Dem. 12. H. A. Edmundson, Dem. 13. Elbert S. Martin, I. Dem.

In five of the districts the regular nominees of the Democratic party were defeated.

W. C. Lipscomb, Jr., has been elected President of the Methodist Protestant Female College located at Jamestown, Guilford County, N. C.

FARMERS' BANK OF N. C.—The Cashier of the Bank at this place, W. A. Caldwell, Esq. has published a statement of its condition on the 1st inst., from which we learn that its total liabilities, except to stockholders for their capital stock, amount to only \$116,689 89, of which \$92,954 consist of notes in circulation, and \$23,735 89 of deposits. Its assets are, Specie \$15,062 11, N. C. and other Bank notes \$9,504 55, Northern exchange \$51,291 56, State bonds and due by banks \$25,823 82, Real estate \$7,005, Bills and notes discounted \$327,551 91. Making a total of assets (not counting the \$56,349 41 deficiency of W. W. Griffin, former Cashier,) of \$437,239 95. This shows a sound condition. Supposing the debts due the Bank to be good, it has a surplus of more than \$20,000 over its liabilities to the public and to its stockholders. The old issue is being cancelled as redeemed, and notes will be issued from a new plate.

MORPHY'S EUROPEAN VICTORIES.—The "Chess Monthly" gives a table showing Mr. Morphy's scores in Europe. Out of 149 even games he won 117, lost 19, and 13 were drawn. Of 33 blindfold games, he won 20, lost 1, and 12 were drawn. Of 35 consultation games he won 17, lost 2, and 16 were drawn. Giving the pawn and move, he won 18 games, lost 2, and five were drawn. Giving pawn and two moves, he won 14 lost 2, and 1 was drawn.

THE ARMY WORM.—The Greenville (Tenn.) Democrat learns that the army worm have made their appearance in great squads on some of the plantations on the Nola Chucky river in Greene county. One family were driven out of their house by them. The house was surrounded by a clover field, and they became so numerous that the bedding and everything else about the house was so infested as to render endurance impossible.

Some young men are so fast that they keep always ahead of common sense.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.—By Sir Walter Scott. With a magnificent Steel Portrait of the Author, with his Autograph under it. One of T. B. Peterson and Brothers' cheap weekly issue of Waverly Novels for the Million.

The world-wide reputation of the Waverly Novels will insure a ready sale of this cheap edition, and prove we trust, remunerative to the enterprising publishers. It is commendable to do any thing that will, even in a small degree, stay the present raging appetite for precarious light reading. By satisfying the cravings of those who desire fiction with some of the highest of its order, is preventing evil, and negatively, at least, doing good. There are no works of the imagination which can so effectually accomplish this as the novels of Sir Walter Scott. They, to say nothing more, are harmless. It is even astonishing that though so many volumes there should be found so little that religion or morality would disapprove. For beauty of style, copiousness of expression, vividness of description, and interest of subject, Scott stands in the foremost rank. His works will be read always with interest, and not unfrequently with profit. One volume is issued every Saturday, and each one is got up in a neat style, all of the same size and are printed at the rate of 25 cents a volume, or the whole twenty-six volumes for five dollars, and sent free of postage to all, on receipt of this sum. This low price should place a set of them within the reach of everybody in the land; and we would take this occasion to advise all of our readers to make a remittance of Five Dollars at once, per first mail, to T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, for the entire set, who will send them complete to any one, free of postage, on receipt of that sum.

We have also received "Old Mortality," the next in order of publication.

TEXAS' CURIOSITIES.

Bishop Pierce was recently in Texas, and in his "Notes by the way," notes the following curiosities:

Texas is a rare country in more ways than I have time to describe; but you must allow me to indulge a little in the marvellous. I have seen in various papers, accounts of a very strange production of the oaks last fall, especially in Eastern Texas. It is called oak wheat, simply because it resembled in shape a grain of wheat. Nevertheless it was larger and perfectly white. It grew on the leaves of the Red Oak, one grain (if I may so call it,) on each side, and two directly opposite. The crop of acorns was a failure, and this seemed to be an effort of nature to supply the want. The trees abounded with this production, and the ground beneath was covered with them after a wind or a shower. The hogs grew fat upon them. I examined them carefully; they had the flavor and were almost identical in appearance with the germ of an acorn. They were not the nut-galls with which we are all familiar, but entirely different in form, color and everything. It may have been the production of an insect—an exercise flavored by chemical laws with the sap of the tree on which it grew. I cannot tell, I never saw anything like it before.

"Mine host" at Austin calls his country home Mount Wonder, an appropriate name, you will think, when you read the following statements. I tell the tale as 'twas told to me, and vouched for by many respectable witnesses. I will begin with the vegetables. In a crop of turnips he found ten weighing one hundred and sixty pounds—one weighed eighteen pounds. He had a cabbage-stalk, three years old, which had on it, at one time, One Hundred and Sixty-Three heads, making a circle ten feet, three inches in diameter. What are you stretching your eyes about? Well, you say, that's wonderful for a dry, "droughty" country. Yes it is, and the people came twenty or thirty miles to see it. When I heard this statement I puckered my mouth and whistled, but the narrator summoned his witnesses and proved it.

Next, we will turn to the feathered tribe. Talk about Shanghai's, Dorking and Brahma Pootras! My friend had a hen, and she laid an egg with a handle five and a half inches long. Give her the premium and we will pass on. The egg and what follows all came to pass, or was discovered within a week.—First, a mule brought forth a colt; a ram had a horn on his ear; and a sow had a litter of pigs, each having the ear mark which mine host's wife had adopted to distinguish her stock. This beats Jacob and Laban, with the brown sheep and the ring-streaked, spotted and speckled goats.

NEITHER SCHOOLS NOR NEWSPAPERS.—Sir William Berkeley, one of the early governors of Virginia, in 1671 wrote to King Charles II: "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing presses here, and I trust there will not be this hundred years; for learning breeds up heresies and sects and all abominations. God save us from both!"

Southern Pomological Society.

We direct especial attention to the following in regard to the next meeting of the Southern Pomological Society, which was organized in Charlotte last Fall. And we hope the press in this State and South Carolina, will comply with the request contained in Col. Williams' note:

CHARLOTTE, June 15, 1859.

Editor of Democrat:—I send you for publication a notice of the approaching "re union" of the Southern Pomological Society. Please publish it, and request Editors friendly to the Society, and interested in its success, to copy the same, so that the third Thursday in August may be memorable in Mecklenburg for the first fruit (though not the best fruit) of our organization.

Yours, &c.,

W. A. WILLIAMS, Sec'y.

June 15th, 1859.

The first Annual meeting of the Southern Pomological Society will be held in Charlotte on the 3rd Thursday of August next. It is highly desirable that its members, and all others who take an interest in fruit-growing, should attend at that time, and assist in the promotion of this useful enterprise. We live in an age of progress; and, whilst other States are moving actively on, it becomes us "to be up and doing," and to enter the lists of honorable competition. It is therefore earnestly requested of all to come up to the contemplated gathering in August, and bring with them sample of such Fruit as they may possess. It is expected that all good varieties of apples, pears, peaches, grapes, wild and domesticated, and other fruits will be exhibited, and their excellencies tastefully pointed out. In a short time many fruits will be coming in to the ripening stage, and where specimens cannot be kept in the natural state, it might be well to preserve them in some of the usual modes (by sugar or spirits) that they may be had on exhibition. All new seedling varieties will be particularly acceptable; and any facts on the diseases, or other branches of Pomology, are respectfully solicited. Western Carolina has the proper soil and climate for success in this department of science. Energetic, united, persevering effort is all that is necessary to produce the happiest results. Actuated by these considerations, it is hoped all will bear the importance of the meeting in mind, and aid in the promotion of its objects by their presence, their counsel, and their fruits.

W. P. WYLIE, Pres.

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.—In a lengthy article upon this subject, the editor of the *Spirit of the Age*, speaks a great many humiliating facts, and gives utterance to a practice which is disgraceful, and which is a just cause of reproach not to the citizens of North Carolina alone, but the inhabitants of every State in the Union. We allude to the foul practice of bribing the ballot box and bating away the liberty and freedom of men for a jug of whiskey. We agree with our contemporary that, "The present canvass is a favorable time to inaugurate the doctrine and initiate the practice, that whiskey shall be banished from our elections." We regret exceedingly that such means are adopted for the purpose of subserving party interests, and we are sure no one would rejoice more to see this despicable thing abolished than ourselves. The remarks of the *Age* are well timed and appropriate, and we would be highly gratified to see that the wise suggestions therein contained were fully carried out by men of all parties.—*Carolinian*.

Talking Fish.

It has long been well known to naturalists that the phoca, or common seal, when taken young, is susceptible of education, and can be taught to obey the word of command. The animal—like some similar creatures which have been exhibited in this country—rises and lies down when ordered by its keeper; performs a marine dance with his tail; kisses the benevolent individual who looks after its comfort; and has made such progress in elocution as to pronounce pretty distinctly the words "Papa" and "Mamma." The keeper tells the usual wonderful stories about its intelligence; assures a wondering public that its last despairing, heart-rending cry—when it was captured—was "Mamma!" This our readers are at liberty to believe if they choose. Certain it seems that animals of this race are susceptible of very considerable education. It is well known that many varieties of fresh-water fish—such as carp, perch, gold fish and even pickerel—can be taught to come at the word of command, and, when properly trained, will eat out of the hand of their master. The seal surpasses these fish in intelligence; under skillful management there is no saying how far its education may not be carried.

Birds and beasts we have domesticated, and rendered useful servants. There is no reason why fish should not be tamed by similar processes, and should not hereafter fulfill some useful purpose in domestic economy.

COSTLY CHARITY.—A writer in the *Christian Examiner* states that the American and Foreign Bible Society last year incurred an expense of sixteen thousand dollars in collecting and appropriating eighteen thousand dollars for the benevolent work of the organization of this society.

DIED.

In this place, on the 14th inst., of bilious fever, Mrs. F. B. TAYLOR, formerly of Greene county.

Tribute of Respect.

At a regular meeting of Greensboro Division, No. 6, S. of T., June 13th, 1859, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We have learned with deep regret that our esteemed friend and brother, E. F. POWELL, of Petersburg, Va., a worthy member of our Division, was called to his reward by the Great Patriarch above, June 3rd, 1859; and whereas, it is always profitable to remember and imitate the virtues of the good, and sympathize with the bereaved, therefore

Resolved, 1st, That this Division deeply feel the loss it has sustained in the death of Bro. Powell, who during his residence among us was a true and faithful Son of Temperance, always aiding cheerfully and zealously in all the praiseworthy plans of our Order, which are designed to ameliorate the condition of suffering humanity, and to suppress the great evils of intemperance. And while we sincerely mourn his untimely departure, being stricken down in early manhood by consumption, we, nevertheless, "borrow not as those who have no hope," for we trust he was not a stranger to the consolations of the grace of God.

Resolved, 2nd, That we do most sincerely tender our sympathies to all the relations and friends of the deceased, and particularly and especially to his bereaved wife, in her deep distress and irreparable loss, and pray the benedictions of the Widow's God, to comfort her in her loneliness and desolation.

Resolved, 3rd, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the wife of our deceased Brother, and a copy presented to The Times and Patriot, for publication.

J. A. PRITCHETT,
CHAS. E. W. DORRIS,
WM. A. DENN,
L. S. BURKHARD.

New Advertisements.

Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines (or 100 words) for one week \$1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

| | 3 MONTHS. | 6 MONTHS. | 1 YEAR. |
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| One square, \$ 5.00 | \$ 7.00 | \$ 12.00 | \$ 22.00 |
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| Three " 12.00 | " 18.00 | " 30.00 | " 50.00 |
| Half column 20.00 | 30.00 | 50.00 | 70.00 |
| One column 40.00 | 60.00 | 100.00 | 150.00 |

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum, \$5.00

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.

S. W. Fowler & Co.,—Sirs:—I most cheerfully add my testimony in favor of the Balsam. We have used it in our family, in Pulmonary affections, Coughs and Colds, and esteem it a most valuable remedy, and have recommended it in various complaints of this invariably happy results.

W. B. LYNCH, M. D.
MANFIELD, IOWA CO., PA., Aug. 1858.

Gentlemen:—Having used in my practice the last four years, Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, with great success, I most cheerfully recommend it to those afflicted with obstinate Coughs, Colds, Asthma, &c.

H. D. MARTIN, M. D.

The genuine is signed "I. BUTTS" on the wrapper.

SPURGEON'S SERMONS!

SPECIALY REPORTED IN THE New York Waverly, every week. 52 Complete Sermons for ONLY \$2, including weekly the Gems of the New York and Boston Pulpits, Henry Ward Beecher, Drs. E. H. Chapin, Lyng, Neely, Kalooh, &c., &c., with a vast amount of Literature, Novellettes, and Travels. III. VOL. New York Waverly.

SPURGEON'S SERMONS will henceforth appear every week in the New York Waverly, phonographically reported exclusively for this paper, at great expense, and forwarded by every steamer. The first number containing a faithful portrait of the great divine, now electrifying England, will appear in the number dated June 11, 1859, with an Original Biographical Sketch, prepared expressly for our columns, by the Rev. Dr. Neale, of Boston. This is a novel feature in journalism, and goes a little ahead of Bonner.

Every subscriber to the New York Waverly for \$2 per annum single, or 1.50 in clubs, will get Fifty-two Sermons of this great divine, besides the Gems of the Sunday Sermons of H. Ward Beecher, E. H. Chapin, Drs. Neale, Tyng, and others of the greatest divines of New York and Boston, weekly, during the year, together with a rich and rare variety of Literary Matter, Romances, Travels, Sketches, Poetry, Humor, Biography, Wit and Wisdom. In short, all that can be gathered to make the finest literary paper of this advanced age, by the best American and European writers and orators.

Editorially, it will be entirely neutral in politics and religion.

Every family, in addition to its own denominational and neighborhood paper, should get a copy of the NEW YORK WAVERLY, and thus come in contact with the finest intellectual minds of the present age.

Wherever there are news agents they will furnish you single copies at 4 cents each number, containing at least one of these great sermons complete. Now is the time to subscribe. Single subscription, \$2. Club of ten to one address, at 1.50. Club of twenty at 1.25. Clergymen supplied at 1.00.

Address B. BAKER & CO., 15 Baltimore Street, Boston, Mass.

Ask for the first number of New York Waverly, with Portrait and Biographical Sketch of Spurgeon, dated June 11, 1859.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, June 15th.
Reported expressly for the Times.
Bacon 12 1/2 @ 13; Beef 4 @ 5; Hides, green 5; Butter 15 @; Coffee 14 1/2 @; Candles, Tallow 20 @ 25; Adamantine 28 @ 33; Sperma 55 @ 60; Corn 80 @ 90; Meal 80 @ 90; Chickens 10 @ 15; Eggs 6 @ 8; Feathers 40; Flour 5.00 @ 6.00; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5; dried 10; Hay 50 @ 60; Lard 12 1/2 @ 15; M-lasses 40 @ 50; Nails 6 @ 7; Oats 50; Peas, yellow 75 @ 80; white 75 @ 1.00; Pork 8.00 @ 8.50; Rags 2 @; Rice 8 @ 10; Salt 2.25 @ 2.50; Sugar, Brown 10 @ 12 1/2; loaf 10 1/2; crushed 16 1/2; clarified 15; Tallow 12 1/2 @ 15; Wheat 80 @ 1.00; Wool 25 @ 30.

NORFOLK MARKET, June 13th.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.
Flour, Family \$8.50; Flaxseed, 1.35
Extra " 1.50; Beans, 33
Superfine, 7.50; Dried Apples, 7 @, of
Corn, Mixed W. 12 @; 25 @; 1.75
Yellow, 15 @ 20; Peaches, 40 @, 5 @
Wheat, White 16 @ 18; do, Sides 10 @ 11
Red, 14 @ 15; do, W. sh. 11 @ 12
Cotton, 10 @ 11; do, W. sh. 11 @ 12
Peas, Black Eye 1.25; do, Sides 10 @ 11
Red & Black 85 @; do, W. sh. 11 @ 12
Lard, N. C. A. V. 13 1/2; do, W. sh. 11 @ 12
do do 2.00; do, W. sh. 11 @ 12
Fish, Mackerel 1.25; do, W. sh. 11 @ 12
do No 2 1.10; do, W. sh. 11 @ 12
do 3.10; do, W. sh. 11 @ 12

RICHMOND MARKET, June 15th, 1859.
Reported weekly for the Times, by Dickerson & Cole, Forwarding and Commission Merchants.
Bacon, Shoulders, 9 @ 11; Corn, in demand 1 @ 1.5
Sides, 10 @ 11; Cotton, 10 @ 11
Hams, 12 1/2 @ 13; Cotton Yarns, 25 @ 25
Coffee, Rio, 11 @ 12; Flour, 8 @ 8
Java, 1 @ 1; Guano, Peruvian, 1 @ 1
Mocha, 18 @ 18; do, 18 @ 18
Molasses, Cuba 1.8 @ 3; do, 1.5 @ 1.5
Syrup, 30 @ 33; Tobacco, Long, 3 @ 3
N. O., 10 @ 10; do, 10 @ 10
Wheat, White, 17 @ 18; Leaf, 7 @ 7
Red, 1.50 @ 1.60; do, Good and fine, 9 @ 15

Professional Cards.

GEO. W. COTHMAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR,
at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.
106-4.

CALEB G. DUNN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR
at Law, 80 Nassau St., New York.
Will promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collections of claims.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.
1-ly.

J. W. EVANS'
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE
and Cheap Book Store, 19 Pearl Street,
Richmond, Va.
Subscriptions received for the Times.

JACOB T. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.
Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 11-ly.

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 5-ly.

D. W. ELLIOTT,
PAINTER AND ORNAMENTAL
PAINTER,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

ARCHITECTURE. WILLIAM
PERCHAL, ARCHITECT, OFFICE
Fayetteville St. Raleigh, will supply Designs,
Working Drawings, Specifications and Superintendances for Churches, Public and Private
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He respectfully refers to those by whom he is engaged in this State.
New Baptist Church Committee, Raleigh,
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New Court House Committee, Yanceyville,
Caswell County,
R. S. TUCKER, Raleigh
W. M. BOYLAN, do
W. C. HARRISON, do
W. S. Battle Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecombe
County, and others.
All Letters on Business a Dressel Box 106
Raleigh, N. C. promptly attended to. 15-51

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
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ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to, among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; H. T. Laidlaw, J. Newton & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Houghton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. P. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan.
Authorized agents for the Times, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6-ly

NOTICE.—Having retired from the *Watch and Jewelry Business in Greensboro* N. C. on account of ill health, I recommend to my customers Mr. G. L. MEENLEY, (Formerly of Messrs T. B. Humphreys & Son, of Richmond Va.) who is a good workman, hoping he may get the Patronage of my friends and Customers in general.
(12-4) E. F. POWELL.

LIQUORS.—WHISKIES, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider-Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by
W. S. CLARK.
Greensboro, Jan. 1, 1859.

From Europe.

By the arrival of the North Briton, at Quebec, June, 11, we have the following intelligence:

WAR MOVEMENTS.

The news from the seat of war is unimportant.

An official Sardinian bulletin says that the Sardinians passed the Sesia in the face of the Austrians, who were fortified at Palestro after a severe conflict, and carried the place, making many prisoners. The Sardinians were under the immediate command of King Victor Emmanuel.

It was reported via Berno that on the 29th Garibaldi was defeated by a superior force and withdrew into the Canton Tessin, but this lacks confirmation, and Turin dispatches give the impression that he was making further progress.

The contents of the French bulletins are unimportant.

The Emperor Napoleon III. was about to move his headquarters from Alessandria, and it was reported he would go to Casale.

The Austrians in considerable force had occupied Bobbio.

It was reported in Paris that as soon as the French enter Milan, England and Prussia will make most strenuous efforts to end the war.

A fight had occurred at Florence between some English war sailors and some American sailors, on account of the latter wearing tri-color rosettes, but no details had been received.

The Emperor of Austria quitted Vienna on the 29th, and arrived at Verona on the 31st of May, accompanied by his brother, the Archduke Charles, Gen. Hess and others.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The English Parliament met on the 31st May. Speaker Denison was unanimously re-elected.

The terms offered by the government to the Atlantic Telegraph Company, to be considered at the approaching meeting, are an eight per cent. guaranty for twenty-five years, provided the cable is in successful operation at the rate of one hundred words per hour, and they will pay £20,000 per annum for messages—the arrangement for £14,000 per annum to stand good to the company in return for the surrender of the exclusive privilege of landing a cable on the coast of Newfoundland.

The Red Sea cable is believed to have been successfully laid from Suez to Perim, a distance of 1,260 miles.

The English funds were buoyant at the advance quoted.

FRANCE.

It was rumored that Napoleon returns in August, after the first series of military operations.

Heavy shipments of artillery and siege material were progressing.

The Paris Bourse was buoyant at over one per cent advance; the three closed at 62½.

Liverpool Breadstuffs Markets.—Richardson, Spence & Co., report that the weather had been very favorable for the crops. Breadstuffs were declining. Flour was very dull and 24s½d lower. The quotations are 11s½d 8s. Wheat was also quite dull, but the prices were nominally unchanged.—Western red 9s½d 10s 6d; Western white 10s 6d 11s 1d; Southern white 10s 9d 11s. Corn dull and neglected. Mixed was quoted at 6s 8d 6s 9d; yellow 6s 9d 7s 1d; white 8s 8d 9d.

GERMANY.

The military committee of the German Diet was reported to have approved of a motion to place an army on the Rhine, and will propose its adoption.

REPARATION DEMANDER OF MEXICO.—We have already stated that Mr. McLane had requested Consul Black, now holding an exequatur from Juarez, to remain at the City of Mexico, notwithstanding the withdrawal of his old exequatur by the Miramontes Government. We now learn that he has since instructed the Consul to demand explanation for the assassination of American citizens at Tacubaya, but that Miramontes replied that inasmuch as he (Black) was no longer recognized as the Consular Agent of the United States at Mexico, moreover as Mr. McLane had seen fit to recognize the Opposition Government, he should have no communication with him. The Consul's letter was therefore unopened.—N. O. Prayune.

U. S. TREASURY.—The Secretary of the Treasury has simple means at his command, and a million and a half of the late loan has not been called in, but can be obtained at any time. Besides from four to five millions of treasury notes can now be reissued under the recent act of Congress, and as many as can be redeemed may be reissued there, for, with the \$4,000,000 now subject to draft, nine or ten millions are at this time available for treasury purposes.—Within the last ten days \$1,500,000 of treasury notes have been reissued at 5 per cent.—Bull. Sun.

AMERICAN CREDIT ABROAD.—A tribute to American credit, and a fact which does great honor to American merchants dealing in Europe, is mentioned in a London letter to the New York Express. It is to the effect that not a single piece of American mercantile paper laid over at the Bank of England during the late panic, now remains unpaid.

A RARE SHOT.—On May the 6th ult., Mr. Irwin, of U. S. Army, Fort Buchanan, killed two antelope's at a single shot with a Colt's Carbine, the distance being over three hundred yards. The ball passed through the heart of one animal and the liver of the other. A case of this sort is very rare in the annals of sporting.

The Kansas Election.

LEAVENWORTH, June 8.—The election in this county for members of the constitutional convention resulted in the success of the democratic ticket by 450 majority.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.—Altruistic Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases.

In times of Epidemics, it is the object of this Institution to establish Hospitals, to provide Nurses, Physicians, Clothing, Food, Medicines, &c., for the sick and distressed, to take charge of the orphaned and destitute parents, and to minister in every possible way, to the relief of the afflicted and the health of the public at large. It is the duty of the Directors, at such times, to visit personally the infected districts, and to provide and execute means of relief. Numerous physicians, not acting members of the Association, usually enrol their names on its books, subject to be called upon to attend its hospitals, free of charge.

In the absence of Epidemics, the Directors have authorized the Consulting Surgeon to give Medical Advice Gratis to all persons suffering under Chronic Diseases of a Virulent character, arising from abuse of the physical powers, mal-treatment, the effect of drugs, &c., when they apply by letter or otherwise, and, in cases of extreme poverty, to furnish Medicines free of Charge. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors of the Association, in their late Annual Report express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of their Surgeons in the care of the worst forms of Chronic Diseases, and order a continuance of the same plan for the ensuing year. They feel confident that their efforts have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Various Reports and Treats on the nature and treatment of Chronic Diseases, by the Consulting Surgeon, have been published for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent Free of Charge to the afflicted.

Address, for Report or treatment, DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2, South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors,
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, Pres.
GEO. FAIRCHILD, Sec.
June 11—17.

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE OFFICE—May, 1859.
DEAR SIR:—Having been honored by our respective Societies with the Editorship of the N. C. University Magazine, we feel it our duty to make the Magazine worthy of the Institution whose organ it is. To do this, we are forced to ask the countenance and patronage of others. To whom can we look for support, with more propriety, than to our personal friends and the friends of the University?

Should you be pleased to send us your name, we trust you will not have cause to regret it. The Magazine will be published about the first of each month (except January and July) in the style of "Littell's," on good book paper; each number, besides a lithograph of some distinguished Carolinian, will contain 64 pages or more, making a neat volume of at least 640 pages.

Terms—\$2 per annum in advance. Six copies for \$10.

It will be our constant effort to publish a periodical adapted to the literary wants of Carolinians, since ours is the only purely literary monthly published in the State.

To accomplish our purpose we are pleased to announce that we have the promise of contributions from the pens of Hon. Wm. H. Battle, Hon. W. A. Graham, Hon. John H. Bryan, Hon. D. L. Swain, Rev. Francis L. Hawks, R. B. Creedy, Esq., R. P. Dick, Esq., Prof. John Kimbrelly, (as our European correspondent,) and other able writers in this and other States. We also have reason to expect valuable aid from the fifteen mature scholars who compose the University Faculty.

As a stimulus to youthful emulation, a number of our pages will be devoted to the productions of our fellow-students; thus we hope to elevate the standard of literature in our midst.

With our first (the August number,) will begin a series of biographies of the N. C. Supreme Court Judges.

The Editorials, besides a record of College affairs, will contain an account of the doings of the Literary portion of N. C.; notices of new books; amusing paragraphs, &c.

The students, unwilling to see the organ of our State University inferior to those of other Universities, will support us with great unanimity, but we can achieve success only when the distinguished men and the liberal people of North Carolina shall give us their countenance.

From you, as a friend either to us or the University, we shall be grateful for patronage.

We have the honor to be, dear sir, yours respectfully,

G. P. BRYAN, } Of the
W. T. NICHOLSON, } Philanthropic
G. L. WILSON, } Society,
W. J. HEADEN, } Of the
W. H. VAUGHAN, } Diocesan
S. P. WEIR, } Society.

Papers friendly to the Institution will please publish and no cost.

Business Cards.

NEW FIRM.
PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to
T. J. Patrick,
Wholesale and Retail
DRUGGISTS.
Greensboro, N. C. [4-17]

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH.
Manufacture of Monuments, Tombstones, Headstones, &c., at reduced prices, near the Depot, Greensboro, N. C.
Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1859. 110-17

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Change of Proprietors.
Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the traveling public that he has taken charge of this well known and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating terms.

His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The **Washington Hotel** has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the business streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge.

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES.
January 1st—17.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Oration, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON.
107th Baltimore, Md.

LOOK AT THIS.
R. L. DONNELL
is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure from good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.
Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second-story Garret at brick building West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 89-15.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
Porter & Gorrell, Successors to
T. J. Patrick, Wholesale and Retail Druggists,
are prepared to execute orders for Drugs, Medicines, and all articles pertaining to the Drug Business, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.
With large and improved arrangements for business, and with a very heavy stock on hand which has been selected with great care we feel satisfied that we can offer inducements to Physicians and others who may give us a call. Physicians who buy from us can rely on having their orders filled with pure and reliable DRUGS.
Special attention will be given to orders.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE—GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA FACULTY.
Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres.

S. Lander, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages and Mathematics.
Theo. F. Wolfe, Professor of Music.
W. C. A. Frichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.
Mrs. Lucy Jones, } Assistants in Lit-
Miss Bettie Carter, } erary Department.
Miss E. E. Morris, }
Miss A. M. Hagen, } Assistants in
Miss L. C. Van Vleet, } Music.
Miss M. A. Howlett, }
Miss Pattie Cole, }
Rev. J. Bethel, } Boarding Department.
Mrs. J. Bethel, }
Miss M. Jeffreys, }

S. Lander, Treasurer of the College.
Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks.

Board, including furnished room, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c. (lights extra) \$50; Tuition, \$24; Incidental Tax, \$1; French, \$10; Latin or Greek, \$5; Oil Painting, \$20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, \$22.50; Music on Guitar, \$21; Graduation Fee \$5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the third Thursday in May.

The winter uniform is Magazine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue; summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

Patrons arriving in Greensboro would do well to come immediately from the depot to the College.

For further information apply to the President. (11—5)

LOOK AT THIS!

WE ARE NOW RECEIVING OUR STOCK OF Spring and Summer Goods. Our entire stock being new and of the latest styles in market, and embracing every variety of dress goods, both for Ladies and Gentlemen; also a large stock of Domestic Goods for servants' wear. Also a large stock of Shoes, Boots, fine and common Hats, Caps, Children's fancy hats, Ladies' Bonnets, some very handsomely trimmed, and a great variety of fancy articles.

We will still continue to keep our usual stock of Superior Family Groceries, Java, Laguira and Rio Coffee; Sugars, Teas, Molasses, Syrup, Lard, Oils &c., &c.

We are determined to sell for Cash on Short Time to principal dealers, as cheap or cheaper than they can be bought in this or any other market in N. C. All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at the Cash Market Price. Examine our stock before you purchase elsewhere.

COLE & MILES,
West Market Street,
Greensboro, N. C.

Good Times Come at Last.

THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND MOST ELEGANT STOCK OF READY MADE SPRING and SUMMER Clothing has been received by the undersigned. Our stock consists of Coats, Pants, Vests &c., made in the latest style and in a superior manner to any that has ever been shown in this country. Also Hats, Boots, Shoes, Shirts, Collars, Drawers, Watches, Jewelry, Pistols, Portmonies, Knives, Umbrellas and Carpet Bags, in fact everything that is necessary in a Gent's large furnishing Store.

These goods were bought and will be sold at prices defying competition.

Come and give us a call and you will not leave dissatisfied. S. ARCHER & CO.

Spring, 1859.

Those indebted to S. Archer, or S. Archer & Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make payment.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

HAVING LEASED THE STORE formerly occupied by Messrs. Gilmer & Hendrix, opposite the "Britain House," I am now receiving and opening the largest Stock of Boots and shoes ever offered in this section of country.

My stock consists of Ladies, Gents, Misses, Boys, Youths and Childrens Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, of every variety, style and price—to an examination of which I invite the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country.

I buy all my goods from the Manufacturers—get nothing second-hand—and those, therefore, who buy of me do not have to pay a second price, as is the case with those who buy of the New York and Philadelphia Jobbers.

Besides I intend doing an EXCLUSIVELY CASH business, which will enable me to sell lower than any one who does a credit business.

Be sure and call at the Boot and Shoe store.

J. B. F. BOONE.
May, 1859. (61) C. M. RAY, Agent.

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL,

High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensboro.

Rev. N. McRAY, Principal, with efficient assistants.

The object of this Institution is to provide for the thorough education of Young Ladies, and as an additional feature, to qualify such of them as may desire for the avocation of teaching. Its next session will open on the 1st of February, in the new Brick Building recently purchased by the undersigned. The building is situated in a beautiful grove, on a commanding eminence, and a sufficient number of well-furnished rooms to accommodate 100 boarding pupils. We have made arrangements for lectures, experiments and instruction in Natural sciences, with L. S. Burbank, A. M., formerly associated with Prof. Wm. Russel, in the New England Normal Institute, and more recently Professor of Natural Science in a Southern College.

High Point is 943 feet above the level of the sea. The experience of ages has demonstrated the wisdom of educating in elevated and healthy sections of country. The expenses are less than at any other institution of the character in the State. Board, and furnished rooms with fire places, fuel, &c. \$5 per month. English Branches \$6 to \$15 per session. Languages and ornamentals low. Board and half the tuition required in advance. The Proprietor, Teachers and Pupils dwell together, and eat at the same table.

30 Young Ladies will be received and credited for Tuition until they can teach and pay it. Situations guaranteed to such.

For full information, address,
REV. W. L. LANGDON, Proprietor.
Jan. 20, 1859. High Point, N. C.

BELTS! BELTS!! BELTS!!!

I INTEND KEEPING INDIA-RUBBER belts, all sizes, for sale. Below is a list of prices.

| | | |
|------------------|--------|----------------|
| 2 1/2 inch 3 ply | 12 1/2 | cts. per foot. |
| 3 " " | 15 | " " |
| 4 " " | 17 | " " |
| 5 " " | 21 | " " |
| 6 " " | 27 | " " |
| 7 " " | 32 | " " |
| 8 " " | 38 | " " |
| 9 " " | 42 | " " |
| 10 " " | 49 | " " |
| 12 " " | 72 | " " |

J. B. F. BOONE.

1500,000 lbs. Rags! Rags!!

WANTED BY THE FOREST MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

One Million Five Hundred Thousand Pounds Good Cotton and Linen RAGS.

For particulars all prices.

Dr. W. S. MILLER, Sup't.,
Forestville, Wake county, N. C.
March, 1859. 42-6a.

FOR SALE BY FISHER & FOARD.

Grocers and Commission Merchants,
NEWBERN, N. C.

9000 lbs N. C. Bacon,
35 bbls N. Y. Mess Pork,
10 tons Peruvian Guano,
5 do Phosphate Peruvian Guano,
5 do California Guano,
190 bbls No. 1 Land Plaster,
100 do Hyd. Cement,
550 Sacks G. A. Salt,
300 bbls Alexandria Lime,
2000 Flour Bags,
2000 Grain Bags.

75 bbls N. O. and Muscovy Molasses,
25 bbls N. O. Molasses—very prime
65 bbls Refined N. O. and W. I. Sugars,
65 Bags Java, Rio, Mar. and Laguayra Coffee.

25 bbls Ocean Mess Shark,
20 do do Blue Fish,
40 do N. C. Grass and Roe flooring,
No. 1 Mackerel and Salmon in bbls,
2 bbls, 1 bbl and 1/2 bbls,
Soda, Sugar, and Butter Crackers at
Bakers' cash prices.

20-2m

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL

persons indebted to the estate of Asa Leland, deceased, that they must make payment on or before next November Court, as longer indulgence will not be given, as there are several claims against the estate. Some of the legatees of the will, also, want their money. All persons failing to comply with the above request will find their notes and account out for collection, without respect of persons, as I cannot make payment without money. I hope a word to the wise will be sufficient.

D. W. LEDNUM, Administrator.
May 28th, 1859.

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

PROSPECTUS OF THE N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION FOR 1859.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE JOURNAL will commence with the next year, and the first number will be issued about the middle of January. It will be published monthly, and each number will contain not less than thirty-two pages of reading matter.

The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine paper and in a style fully equal to the present volume; the aim of those who have charge of it will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association and under its control. Through its pages the General Superintendent of Common Schools will communicate with the School officers and teachers of the State.

Articles are solicited from teachers and other friends of education—

TERMS

(Invariably in Advance)
FIVE COPIES, or more, ordered at one time, or to one address ONE DOLLAR each per annum.

Additional copies at the same rate.

Single copy,.....\$2.00

All Teachers and school officers are requested to act as agents.

Journal and Times,.....\$3

The Teacher who sends us the largest number of subscribers (not less than thirty) before the first of January, will be entitled to half a page of advertising for the year; The one sending the next largest number will be entitled to the fourth of a page; And each one sending 25 or more will be entitled to a card, not exceeding eight lines.

All communications should be addressed to J. D. CAMPBELL Resident Editor, Greensboro, N. C.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH

SKIN DISEASES, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time. Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

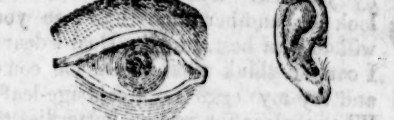
Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.

And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

DR. BAAKEE



TREATS ALL DISEASES.

DR. BAAKEE will give special attention to the following diseases:—Coughs, Colics, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis and all other diseases of the Nose, Mouth, Throat and Lungs. Attention given to the treatment of all skin diseases—Lungho, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Erysipelas, Dispepsia, Piles and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels; and also, all Chronic diseases pertaining to women and children. Dr. Baakee can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success in curing, Cancer, Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings, Scald Head, Wens, or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. These last named diseases cannot be treated by Correspondence, therefore, the patients must place themselves under the doctor's personal supervision.

DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife or needle; and he cures all diseases of the EYES AND EARS, without the use of the Knife; and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums,) suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes.

DOCTOR BAAKEE is one of the most celebrated and skillful Physician and Surgeon now living; his fame is known personally in every principal city of the World. All letters containing ten cents directed to DOCTOR BAAKEE asking any questions pertaining to any disease shall be promptly answered, and all Chronic diseases can be treated by Correspondence except those mentioned that will require his personal supervision.

Office Hours, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

DR. BAAKEE,
Office, No. 74 Lexington street, between Charles and Liberty streets, Baltimore, Md. 1-17.

\$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.

THE QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or unravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

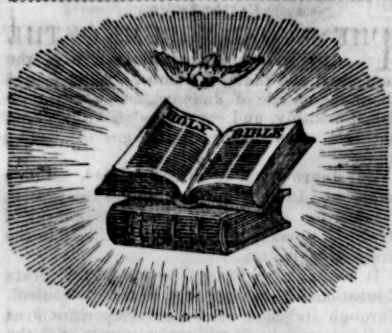
All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.
Greensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd, 1859.

We have just printed, on a very good article of Poole's, a general description of the N. C. Constitution, (in part) of Blank Warrants, Co Sa Bonds, Affidavits, Returns, Resolutions, Land Grants, Books of Trust, Writings Tickets, Jury Tickets, Land Entries, Subpoenas, Co Sa, Cons. for Depositions, Writs in aid of Land, &c. &c. Or will print, on the shortest notice, any kind we may not have on hand if ordered. They can be sent by mail if desired.

For sale or blanks, address of call on COLE & ALBRIGHT,

Children's Department.



EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER.

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

Dear Children:—Perhaps some of you have read this interesting story of the "Lark and the Caterpillar," in the Youths Penny Gazette, but I wish you to read it again; and if you do not understand it all, ask some kind friend to explain it to you.

The Lark and the Caterpillar.

A LESSON OF FAITH.

"If a man die, shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."—Job. xiv. 14

"Let me hire you as a nurse for my poor children," said a butterfly to a quiet caterpillar who was strolling along a cabbage-leaf in her odd, lumbering way. "See these little eggs," continued the butterfly: "I don't know how long it will be before they come to life, and I feel very sick and poorly; and if I should die who will take care of my baby-butterflies when I am gone? Will you, kind, mild, green caterpillar? But you must mind what you give them to eat, caterpillar!—They cannot, of course, live on your rough food. You must give them early dew and honey from the flowers; and you must let them fly about only a little way at first; for, of course, one can't expect them to use their wings properly all at once. Dear me! it is a sad pity you cannot fly yourself. But I have no time to look for another nurse now: so you will do your best, I hope. Dear! dear! I cannot think what made me come and lay my eggs on a cabbage-leaf! What a place for young butterflies to be born upon! Still, you will be kind, will you not, to the poor little ones? Here; take this gold-dust from my wings as a reward. Oh, how dizzy I am! Caterpillar, you will remember about the food—"

And with these words the butterfly closed her eyes and died; and the green caterpillar, who had not the opportunity of even saying "yes," or "no" to the request, was left alone by the side of the butterfly's eggs.

"A pretty nurse she has chosen, indeed, poor lady!" exclaimed she, "and a pretty business I have in hand! Why, her senses must have left her, or she never would have asked a poor crawling creature like me to bring up her dainty little ones! Much they'll mind me, truly when they feel the gay wings on their backs and can fly away out of my sight whenever they choose! Ah! how silly some people are, in spite of their painted clothes and the gold-dust on their wings!"

However, the poor butterfly was dead, and there lay the eggs on the cabbage-leaf; and the green caterpillar had a kind heart, so she resolved to do her best. But she got no sleep that night, she was so very anxious. She made her back quite aching with walking all night long around her young charges, for fear any harm should happen to them; and in the morning says she to herself,—

"Two heads are better than one. I will consult some wise animal upon the matter and get advice. How should a poor crawling creature like me know what to do without asking my betters?"

But still there was a difficulty: whom should the caterpillar consult? There was the shaggy dog who sometimes came into the garden. But he was so rough!—he would most likely whisk all the eggs off the cabbage-leaf with one brush of his tail if she called him near to talk to her, and then she should never forgive herself. There was the tom-cat, to-be-sure, who would sometimes sit at the foot of the apple-tree, basking himself and warming his fur in the sun-shine; but he was so selfish and indifferent!—there was no hope of his giving himself the trouble to think about butterflies' eggs. "I wonder which is the wisest of all the animals I know," sighed the caterpillar,

in great distress; and then she thought and thought, till at last she thought of the lark; and she fancied that because he went up so high, and nobody knew where he went to, he must be very wise and know a great deal; for to go up very high (which she could never do) was the caterpillar's idea of perfect glory.

Now, in the neighboring corn-field there lived a lark, and the caterpillar sent a message to him to beg him to come and talk to her; and when he came she told him all her difficulties, and asked him what she was to do to feed and rear the little creatures so different from herself.

"Perhaps you will be able to inquire and hear something about it next time you go up high," observed the caterpillar, timidly.

The lark said, "Perhaps he should," but he did not satisfy her curiosity any further. Soon afterwards, however, he went singing upwards into the bright blue sky. By degrees his voice died away in the distance, till the green caterpillar could not hear a sound. It is nothing to say she could not see him; for, poor thing! she never could see far at any time, and had a difficulty in looking upwards at all, even when she reared herself up most carefully,—which she did now; but it was of no use: so she dropped upon her legs again and resumed her walk round her butterfly's eggs, nibbling a bit of the cabbage-leaf now and then as she moved along.

"What a time the lark has been gone!" she cried, at last. "I wonder where he is just now? I would give all my legs to know. He must have flown up higher than usual this time, I do think! How I should like to know where it is that he goes to, and what he hears in that curious blue sky! He always sings in going up and coming down, but he never lets any secret out. He is very, very close!"

And the green caterpillar took another turn round the butterfly's eggs. At last the lark's voice began to be heard again. The caterpillar almost jumped for joy, and it was not long before she saw her friend descend with hushed note to the cabbage-bed.

"News, news! glorious news, friend caterpillar!" sang the lark; "but the worst of it is, you won't believe me!" "I believe every thing I am told," observed the caterpillar, hastily.

"Well, then, first of all, I will tell you what these little creatures are to eat." And the lark nodded his beak towards the eggs. "What do you think it is to be? Guess!"

"Dew and honey out of flowers, I am afraid," sighed the caterpillar.

"No such thing, old lady! Something simpler than that,—something that you can get at quite easily."

"I can get nothing quite easily but cabbage-leaves," murmured the caterpillar, in distress.

"Excellent, my good friend!" cried the lark, exultingly: "you have found it out. You are to feed them with cabbage-leaves."

"Never!" said the caterpillar, indignantly. "It was there dying mother's last request that I should do no such thing."

"Their dying mother knew nothing about the matter," persisted the lark. "But why do you ask me and then disbelieve what I say? You have neither faith nor trust."

"Oh, I believe every thing I am told," said the caterpillar.

"Nay, but you do not," replied the lark: "you won't believe me even about the food, and yet that is but a beginning as what I have to tell you. Why, caterpillar, what do you think those little eggs will turn out to be?"

"Butterflies, to-be-sure," said the caterpillar.

"Caterpillars!" sang the lark; "and you'll find it out in time." And the lark flew away,—for he did not want to stay and contest the point with his friend.

"I thought the lark had been wise and kind," observed the mild, green caterpillar, once more beginning to walk round the eggs, "but I find that he is foolish and saucy in a d. Perhaps he went up too high this time. Ah, it's a pity when people who soar too high are silly and rude nevertheless! Dear! I still wonder whom he sees, and what he does, up yonder!"

"I would tell you, if you would believe me," sang the lark, descending once more.

"I believe every thing I'm told," reiterated the caterpillar, with as grave a face as if it were a fact.

"Then I'll tell you something else,"

cried the lark: "for the best of my news remains behind. You will one day be a butterfly yourself."

"Wretched bird!" exclaimed the caterpillar, "you jest with my inferiority: now you are cruel as well as foolish. Go away! I will ask your advice no more."

"I told you, you would not believe me," cried the lark, nettled in his turn.

"I believe every thing that I am told," persisted the caterpillar; "that is"—and she hesitated—"every thing that it is reasonable to believe. But to tell me that butterflies' eggs are caterpillars, and that caterpillars leave off crawling and get wings, and become butterflies! Lark, you are too wise to believe such nonsense yourself, for you know it is impossible."

"I know no such thing," said the lark, warmly. "Whether I hover over the corn-fields of earth or go up into the depth of the sky, I see so many wonderful things, I know no reason why there should not be more. O caterpillar! it is because you crawl, because you never get beyond your cabbage-leaf, that you call any thing impossible."

"Nonsense!" shouted the caterpillar: "I know what's possible and what's not possible, according to my experience and capacity, as well as you do. Look at my long green body and these endless legs, and then talk to me about having wings and a painted feathery coat! Fool!"

"And fool you, you would-be-wise caterpillar!" cried the indignant lark.

"Fool, to attempt to reason about what you cannot understand? Do you not hear how my song swells with rejoicing as I soar upwards to the mysterious wonder-world above? O caterpillar! what comes to you from thence receive, as I do, upon trust."

"That is what you call—"

"Faith," interrupted the lark.

"How am I to learn faith?" asked the caterpillar.

At that moment she felt something at her side. She looked round. Eight or ten little green caterpillars were moving about, and had already made a show of a hole in the cabbage-leaf. They had broken from the butterfly's eggs!

Shame and amazement filled our green friend's heart; but joy soon followed,—for, as the first wonder was possible, the second might be so too.

"Teach me your lesson, lark!" she would say; and the lark sang to her of the wonders of the earth below and of the heaven above. And the caterpillar talked all the rest of her life to her relations of the time when she should be a butterfly.

But none of them believed her. She nevertheless had learned the lark's lesson of faith, and when she was going into her chrysalis grave she said, "I shall be a butterfly some day!"

But her relations thought her head was wandering; and they said, "Poor thing!"

And when she was a butterfly, and was going to die again, she said,—

"I have known many wonders: I have faith; I can trust even now for what shall come next."

PUNCTUALITY IN BUSINESS.—Method is the very hinge of business: that there is no method without punctuality is important, because it subserves the peace and good temper of the family: the want of it not only infringes on necessary duty, but sometimes excludes it. The calmness of mind which it produces is another advantage of punctuality. A disorderly man is always in a hurry; he has no time to speak to you, because he was going elsewhere; and when he gets there he is too late for his business, or he must hurry away before he can finish it.

Punctuality gives weight to character. "Such a man has made an appointment; then I knew he will keep it." And this generates punctuality in you; for like other virtues it propagates itself. Servants and children must be punctual where their leader is so. Appointments, indeed, become debts. I owe you punctuality, if I have made an appointment with you; and I have no right to throw away your time if I do my own.

VERY DISCOURAGING.—A correspondent of a Minnesota paper, writing from Pike's Peak, says, that the miners are very much discouraged in that region, from being compelled to dig through a solid vein of silver, four feet thick, before they can reach the gold.

Heaven is always near to the "pure in heart."

Salad for the Solitary.

Will be brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durablest fuel; and both meeting make the best fire.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

REBUS.—Entire, I am a way. Take away my last letter, and I am an Irish name. Then behold me, and I am near by. Answer next week.

MARCUS.

SOLUTION OF "J. H.'s" Question, in Times of May 14th.

Let X = A's part of the land.
300 - X = B's part of the land.

$\frac{300}{X}$ = The price A pays per acre.

$\frac{300}{300-X}$ = The price B pays per acre.

Then $\frac{300}{X} = \frac{300}{300-X} + 10$

Clearing the equation of fractions, transposing and reducing, we find

$X^2 - 1100X = -120000$

Completing the equation and extracting the square root, we find that

A receives 122.8 acres, at \$2,44.3 per acre.

B receives 177.2 acres, at \$1,69.3 per acre.

As the answers are in decimals the proof lacks $\frac{1}{10}$ of a mill of being exact.

ARITHMETICAL RULE for solving "J. H.'s" Question.—Find the cost of the whole number of acres at the difference between the prices per acre of the different pieces of land; subtract this from the amount paid for the whole land; square this remainder and add to it the cost of the whole number of acres at the difference between the prices per acre, multiplied by four times the sum of money paid by either of the men; extract the square root of this sum, add to the square root thus found, the remainder that was squared, and divide the sum by twice the whole number of acres; the quotient will be the amount paid per acre by him who paid least per acre. Having this, every other requirement in the question may be easily found.

PATAULA.

RICH.—We are indebted to a correspondent for the following chaste production. We publish it *verbatim et literatim et punctatim*:

ritten for the times

rose hill

dear times I am happy to say that we have had a nice examination on the 3 of may the ladies were exzamed on rethmetic gramer reding compeziethens working souns on black bord and aliso singing and plaing on the peaner also a nice diner was set in the grove eye was hapy to see the school mates injoying there selves so well they were smiling all the day but atlast they had to parte they did not now weather they all would meat at rose hill again or not

so gooby

twinkling stars are laughing love
twinkling stars are laughing, love,
laughing on you and me;
while your bright eyes look in mine
peeping stars they seem to be,
there love may come and go
brightest scenes must leave our sight
but the star of hope, love,
shines with radent beames to night

golden beams are shining love
shining on you to bless
like the queen of night you fill
darkest space with loveliness
silver stars how bright love
mother moon in thronly night
gaze on us to bless love
purest vows here made to night
peeping stars they seem to be

An awkward man, attempted to carve a goose dropped it on the floor. "There, now!" exclaimed his wife, "we've lost our dinner." "Oh! no, my dear!" answered he, "it's safe: I have got my foot upon it."

What can be more captivating than to see a beautiful woman, say about four feet eleven inches high, and eleven feet four inches in circumference, passing along the aisle justas divine worship comences?

"Father I want you to buy me a gun," said a little boy of four summers. "A gun Willie! What are you going to do with a gun?" "Oh, I am going to fight Tommy Day; he says Susy Lake loves him better than she does me."

"Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbor, "to ask you to come and take tea with her this evening." "Did she say at what time, my dear?" "No, ma'am; she only said she would ask you, and then thing would be off her mind—that's all she said."

Married happiness is a glass ball. The glad couple play with it during the honey moon, till falling it is shattered—and the rest of life is too often a wrangle as to which broke it.

A Western exchange publishes a piece of poetry called "Pepper and Salt," and heads it "A Reasonable Poem!"

Business Cards.

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C.
With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of **DRY GOODS**, 46
Pail's Place, and 41 Barclay Street,
Wm. Graydon, James Graydon, Nov., '58.
NEW-YORK, { Geo. H. Seely, Wm. A. Seely, 2-ly.

BOOK-BINDER.
At the old STAR OFFICE, (opposite the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.)

RALEIGH, N. C.
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and the vicinity, that he will promptly and punctually attend to the binding of Newspapers, Magazines and Periodicals of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms.
Address J. J. CHAPLIN,
January 1-1f. Raleigh, N. C.

DICKENSON & COLE,
Commission & Forwarding Merchants,
Shoekoe Slip, 2d door from Cary street,
RICHMOND, VA.

SOLICIT CONSIGNMENTS OF
Tobacco, Wheat, Corn, and other

Produce.
Special attention paid to forwarding Manufacture Tobacco and Goods.
JOHN DICKENSON, { **ISAAC N. COLE,**
of Petersburg. { of Halifax.
January 1, 1859. (6m.)

LELAND & KIRKPATRICK,
Having opened a **GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING STORE**, will keep on hand or make to order, all kinds of Gentlemen's Clothing. Their Spring Stock embraces Coats, Pants, Vests, Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Drawers, &c., &c., which they will sell cheap for CASH. Gentlemen wishing fine clothing should call on them first, as they sell no half finished work. Having some very fine cloth and casimere, and workmen of the first order, they feel confident they can please the most fastidious. They also have the agency for the sale of **Barthol's Sewing Machines**, one of the best now in use, in fact it is superseding all others, in all the large manufacturing establishments in New York and Philadelphia; March, 1859. 13-ly.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.
J. H. Thacker would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding country, that he is now manufacturing all kinds of **BOOTS and SHOES low for CASH**. He is also making all kinds of **LADIES' SHOES** as low or lower than they can get Northern work. Call and see for yourselves. An assortment of **SHOES and BOOTS** constantly on hand. Repairing promptly attended to.
April 15, 1859.

JAMES S. PATTERSON,
PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND
ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street,
opposite city hall, New York.
Country orders carefully attended to.
Feb. 1859. 6-ly

JOHN A. PRITCHETT,
CABINET-MAKER AND DEALER IN
FURNITURE, (near North Carolina Railroad),
Greensboro, N. C.
All kinds of Cabinet Furniture—such as Dressing-Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Cottage Bedsteads, Tables, Coffins, &c.—kept constantly on hand or made to order.
Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.
Work delivered on board the Cars free of charge. 127-ly

JAMES M. EDNEY, GENERAL
Purchasing & Commission Merchant, and dealer in
Pianos, Meodsons, Pumps, Sifes, Sewing Machines, &c.
Publisher of "Cherokee Physician," "Chronology of N. C.," "Southern Bishops," "Hickory Nut Falls," &c.
Sole Proprietor of the "AMERICAN PUMP," raising Water in all depths under 150 feet, by hand.

Drawings and Prices sent free.
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OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND
Watchmaker, West Market, Greensboro, N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.
He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.

All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.
All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.
August, 1st, 1858. 134-4f.

VISITING CARDS.
R. G. STAPLES,
CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for \$1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, \$2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering.

NOTICE TO PHYSICIANS. A
PHYSICIAN'S SITUATION is for SALE, with real estate, in a pleasant village, among the mountains of Va. The purchaser will be introduced to a practice which pays from \$2000 to \$25,000 a year and constantly increasing. Good Society and good Schools. An excellent location for a regular Physician. Enquire of the Editor of this paper. 15-4f.

HIDES! HIDES!!
Cash paid for Hides at
BOONE'S Boot and Shoe Store.